CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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INFINITY

BY HUGH McDONALD

GOD and I in space alone,
And nobody else in view.
"And where are the people, O Lord?" I said,
"The earth beneath, and the sky o'erhead,
And the dead whom once I knew?"

"That was a dream," God smiled and said;
"A dream that has ceased to be true.
There were no people, living or dead,
No earth beneath, and no sky o'erhead.
There was only Myself, and you."

"And why do I feel no fear?" I said,
"Meeting you here this way?
For I have sinned, I know full well—
And is there heaven, and is there hell
And is this the Judgment Day?"

"Nay, those were but dreams," the great God said
"Dreams that have ceased to be.
There are no such things as fear and sin,
And you yourself—you have never been.
There is nothing at all but Me."

SOBBING HYSTERICALLY, CONFUSED AND TERROR-STRICKEN, I LIGHTED THE CANDLE. BUT THERE WAS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING IN THE ROOM TO ACCOUNT FOR THE MYSTERY

Morton's Masterpiece—See page 334

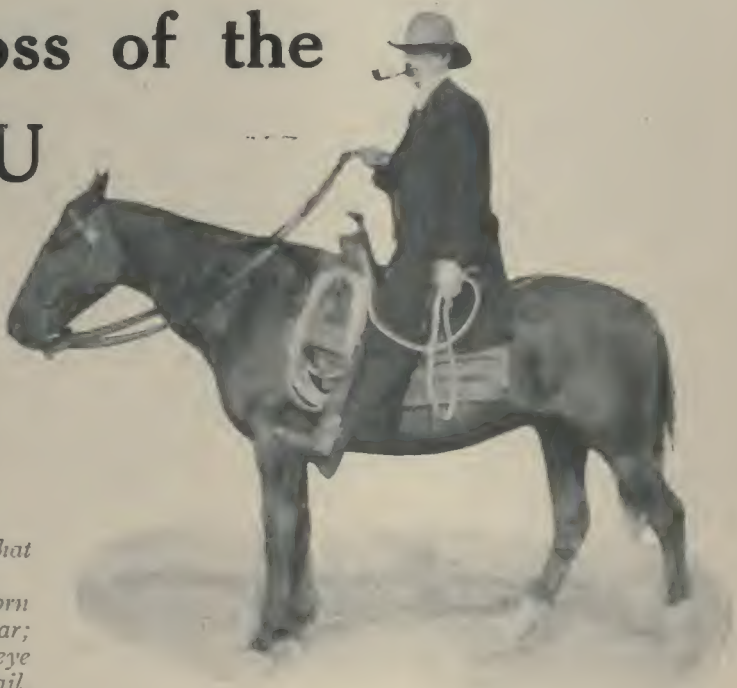
CANADA MONTHLY

VOLUME IX. LONDON, MARCH, 1911 NUMBER 5

The Boss of the Bar U

By Norman Rankin

Illustrated with Photographs



How often I've wished that
I was a steer,
With a long shiny horn
at the butt of each ear;
With a clear fearless eye
and a tapering tail,
That would snap like
a whip in the maddening gale;
How I'd bellow,
And roar,
And paw up the ground,
And lope o'er the hills with a thundering sound,
And snort like a terror, and hump up my back,
When I saw the wild cowboy pursuing my track,
And I'd laugh at his oaths as he fell to the rear!
Oh! I'd be a jim-dandy
If I was a steer.

—COWBOY SONG.

"THAT'S the place; that's the Bar U," said the big, bronzed man with the wide-brimmed Stetson, pointing a lean forefinger in the direction of the snow-capped Rockies. "That's the place; that's the place whar I begun life in Western Canader; thar's whar you'll see the finest bred hosses and cattle in the hull blamed country."

We were whizzing over the prairie road—George Lane, rancher, horse breeder and cattle man, W. H. Harbeck, moving picture photographer, and the writer. Since one o'clock,

when we honked out of Calgary, sixty miles to the north, "Old Man Lane"—who apparently thought as much of the speed of his new car as he did of his pure bred Percherons and Clydesdales—had only slackened once, taking cross roads, ditches, railroad track and bridges at high pressure. Once we ran into a bunch of cattle loose on the road allowance, scattering them helter-skelter, and again, we picked up a sleepy coyote who probably doesn't know to this day what struck him. It was all one to Lane; what he wanted was to get to the "Bar U" in the shortest possible time. His steel-blue eyes, set in countless wrinkles of the prairie squint—the heritage of a score of years of open life on the prairie—never wavered, and he notched her up another point as we cleared the broken ground and came up on a little straightaway grade. It did not matter to Harbeck and me; we decided we would just as soon die young as wicked, and so we leaned quietly back in the car and solemnly shook hands.

As we left the little town of High River at the railway line, and began to climb rapidly towards the foothills, the land under cultivation grew less and less. It was an ideal cattle country, flowing away to left and right in graceful, undulating waves, with the river, a narrow ribbon of silver, zigzagging through its very heart. On its banks, as we rounded the hill and entered the confines of the ranch, thousands of cattle were grazing. They looked like a gathering of tiny black and white ants spread across a yellow sand hill. Numberless hay stacks, thrusting themselves abruptly into prominence from a treeless plain, dotted the prairie here and there—a careful rancher's feed-insurance against a hard winter. The mountains, blue-black below, verging into creamy white above, rip-sawed the skyline, with the exception of one or two peaks, which were muffled in the clouds, and far on every hand stretched the vast leisurely levels of the plains.

"Wall, we're thar," said our guide, bringing the car abruptly to a stop in front of an old-fashioned log house, from the windows of which streamed forth welcoming lights. "We're thar; let's git inside and hev somethin' warm," and suiting the action to the word, he led the way up a narrow path to the door.

Everyone has read tales of the early days in the far Northwest, of the great, treeless, trackless plains, possessed only by the Indian, the buffalo, the coyote—and the Hudson's Bay Company. And when a factor from that Company, or a hunter, wandered into our civilization from such far desert places, what heroes they were! What tales they told! How the kids' eyes glistened at their stories of daring and venture! And the skins they brought: otter, musk, buffalo, black, white and brown bear, wolf, mink, black and silver fox, deer, antelope, moose, and a score of others. The West was a far off undiscovered Sahara, they said, quite, quite beyond the pale, a wilderness, a sterile prairie, a trackless waste, a fit playground for the cowboy, the red man and the buffalo; a refuge for the discontented, the outcast, the younger son and the Indian—fit only for the hunter, the trapper and the prospector. One couldn't farm there, nothing would grow; nothing thrive; and so widely did the Hudson's Bay Company circulate this notice that its repetition gave it the solidness of fact.

Winnipeg was the utmost western limit possible; a barren waste lay beyond, and beyond that again, British Columbia and the Coast—a rocky wilderness.

Then the dauntless cowboy from across the border—Wyoming, Montana and Idaho—pushed his way into Alberta. He came in rather from the spirit of adventure than with the idea of settlement, thinking to find a country of snow and ice and intense cold. He found a rich grazing land, gently rolling and pleasing to the eye, stretching away on each side to the horizon. Innumerable streams and clear flowing rivers swelled and sank with the melting of the snows on the mountains, while on the plains there was an absence of heavy snowfalls and excessive climatic conditions. He discovered it to be better watered, possessed of a

"WE'S IN THIS HYAR COUNTRY TO STAY, AN' STAY WE'RE SURE GOIN' TER," THE COW-PUNCHERS TOLD EACH OTHER

better climate, endowed with more nutritious grasses than his own country, and, as the mountains were lower, the warm Chinook winds were more frequent and beneficial. It was a superior range country altogether to that in the south, and in every way more favorable to the cattle business.

So they told their friends. In a cloud of dust, with eyes full of the glamour and lure of the undiscovered, bubbling over with enthusiasm, reckless and virile, they blew in over the old buffalo trails across the line, and yelled with sheer joy as they loped across the silent, wind-swept spaces, and capped the rising prairie.

The coyotes, belly to the ground, slunk aside as they thundered past, and the Indians held long, solemn pow-wows, while their "medicine men" rattled their necklaces of bones, beating their tomtoms, and working themselves into a frothy, ferocious frenzy, as they besought their gods—"Great Manitou" and others—to tell them what to do. Would they permit the entrance into their most sacred territory of these audacious white men, smoke with them the pipe of peace, welcome them as friends and allies, or would they go out in all the glory and significance of their war paint, and sweep the unwelcome stranger into the running waters and wallow-hollows? Would not the "Great Spirit" hear them, and deign to reply? Their youths were strong and brave; their maidens were fair and good to look upon; the bison covered a thousand hills, and wild fowl and animals thronged the ranges, supplying them with food and raiment in abundance. Would they be jeopardizing all this if they permitted the entrance of the bold white man, or was the plain large enough for both—for all? Speak, "Great Spirit," speak. And all along the banks of the great rivers and watering places there was commotion and conclave, consultation and talk.

No railroad in those days spread its gleaming steels across the prairie; no "Imperial Limited" with Pullman palace cars, luxurious "diners" and daily mail, brought excitement and civilization each day; no singing telegraph wires hummed with eager news of the world outside. There were no government roads, and no hotels. You "hit the pike," "bit the dust," and when the darkness found you,

THE TYPICAL WESTERN PONY OF FORMER DAYS, RAGGED, SHAGGY, AND "ABLE TO TURN ON TWO BITS" IS STILL TO BE SEEN ON THE ALBERTA PRAIRIES

unsaddled your cayuse, hobbled him, built a fire, and with a blanket around you and your head pillowed on your saddle, slept until the rosy finger of dawn touched your eyelids into opening. You "hiked" your grub, or shot it, and through it all, you took chances on your life and the capital you ventured.

Then there were the wolves—the coyotes. You should hear Seton-Thompson tell of them—and there were many then; they hadn't learned to fear the white man as they did later. They were a terror—active aggressors as they used to be in the early days of the "loup garou" in France and Germany. They swarmed on all sides, and at dusk, in their boldness, almost into the very camps themselves.

But the intrepid cow-puncher was undaunted. The clarion call of romance rang in his ears. He only laughed. It was fun. He proposed to make the Canadian West his playground, and he did, too, in those days. "Them wolves, an' Injuns an' buff-los kin go plum' ter hell," they told each other, "but we's in this hyar country ter stay, an' stay we sure is goin' ter." Stay they did, and all credit is due those hardy pioneers, for the West had not then been proven a cattle country, and many intelligent cattlemen from Montana and Idaho openly asserted that it was too far north, that the winters were too severe for the profitable raising of cattle.

In those early days, Messrs. H. & A. Allan, in other words, The Allan Line Steamship Company, decided to put to the test the possibilities of the cattle business in the West. They were shrewd business men; far-seeing investors. They had more than one end in view: the making of money, of course, but principally the provision of cattle for freight for their vessels for shipment to the British markets. They approached the government and applied for a lease; they asked for 150,000 acres of land in the foothills of the Rockies. Land in the West was not in great demand at that time, and the government was glad to grant their request. It extended a twenty-one year lease, with an option of purchase on ten per cent. of the land leased at the expiration of ten years, for the nominal sum of $1.25 an acre. Conservative Eastern business men openly said that the Allans were reck-

SOME OF THE PRIZE PERCHERONS WITH WHICH GEORGE LANE AND OTHER FAR-SIGHTED HORSEMEN ARE REPLACING THE "COW-PONY" AND "CAYUSE"

lessly venturing money; but they didn't! They felt that the ten per cent. clause was an adequate safety valve, and went ahead accordingly.

Before these negotiations were concluded, the Allans dispatched competent cattlemen into Idaho and Montana, then great cattle states, with instructions to purchase and drive to their ranch in Alberta, 4,500 cattle. The distance was, approximately, 1,700 miles. From May until September, nearly five months, the herd was on the road, but as there were few trails then, and the territory unknown, this was not such a bad showing—one vast, unfenced prairie disputed by the red man and the wild animals surrounded them.

Of course, these were not the first cattle brought into Western Canada. In '79, the Mounted Police had carried westward with them sufficient milch cows to supply the needs of their various barracks, and in 1880, Senator Cochrane, the pioneer rancher, drove in 500 cows from Walla Walla, and followed them up with 12,000 head in '81. A station and a town, now bearing his name, is located on the site of the original Cochrane Ranch, about twelve miles west of Calgary.

It is interesting to note that after the railroad came west of Winnipeg, and cattle were being shipped east, a trainload of four-year-old steers from Cochrane, after being driven 140 miles and shipped by rail 2,300 to Montreal, weighed, at the end of the trip, an average of 1,385 pounds.

Colonel James Walker, who, previous to Senator Cochrane's venture into the cattle business in the west, was Inspector in the Mounted Police, became Cochrane's first manager and buyer, remaining in charge for a period of three years, during which time he established and thoroughly organized the business. Colonel Walker, like many others who came west in the early days, soon became independent, eventually settling in Calgary, where he yet lives, a picturesque figure, around whom many a story may be written.

In addition to the Bar U and the Cochrane Ranch, during the same year their number was increased by the addition of the Waldron Ranch, located on the Old Man River, forty miles south of the Bar U; the Oxley

Ranch, on Willow Creek; I. G. Baker & Company, and other smaller outfits. Cochrane afterwards moved his ranch from its original location southward across the Belly River to a point near Cardston. His new ranch contained 70,000 acres, and was later purchased and settled by the Mormon Church. It is said by old cattlemen that the late Senator Cochrane did more for the development of the cattle business in Western Canada than any other man, and while he suffered very heavy losses at the beginning of his business, he later did something which they did not all do—he made it pay.

Good ranch cattlemen were scarce in Canada at that time. They weren't used to the game. In order to secure such men, the Allans and Senator Cochrane addressed letters to the Sun River Cattle Association, Montana, stating that they would be glad to employ on their ranches in Alberta such men as the Association cared to recommend.

From the Allan Ranch and the Bar U it was sixty miles, as the crow flies, to Calgary. There was no railway, and the only market was the supply to the Indians, in accordance with Indian Treaty No. 7. This included the North and South Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegans, Sarcees, Stonies, and a branch of the Peace River Indians called Beavers. Their reservations lay within the territory between points now known as Edmonton, Lethbridge, Medicine Hat and the Rockies. Seven thousand cattle a year were required to supply these reserves. Later, as the Canadian Pacific Railway forced its construction west, the camps took considerable meat, and this helped. In the year 1885, the railroad reached Calgary, and the Allans prepared to put into effect their cherished plan of shipping cattle to the Old Country.

George Lane for the Allans, and James Dunlop, for Senator Cochrane, accepted the invitation, and carrying the recommendation of the Sun River Cattle Association, crossed over to Canada.

George Lane was an extremely ambitious young man of remarkable character—all legs and arms and grit. He sat a horse like a clothespin—you just couldn't shake him off. "Bring on yer hosses," he used to say, "somethin' that's got life in it; somethin' that kin move; somethin' that'll let me know I'm alive." He could drop a lasso over the hind leg of a baby calf, or the tail of a fleeing coyote; even the gophers had to hurry some to get down their holes away from that terrible whizzing rope, while the badgers didn't have one chance in a hundred. Those wild cowboys from south of the line knew their business; from twenty to twenty-five seconds was their outside limit for roping and hog-tying a steer. If you've never been a cowboy, of course you can't understand the molten excitement that pours into your blood when the thunder of the herd rings in your ears and the dust of the prairie tickles your nostrils; you don't care whether "school keeps" or not provided you drop the rope over that particular old steer that's prancing madly along before you, occasionally looking around to give you the horse—or is it the cow?—laugh. Danger, sudden death and mutilation never enter your cosmos—have no consideration whatever alongside the determination to bring the proud quadruped to its knees, and let it know who's master. "You blankety-blank dough-faced old parcel of bones," you ejaculate, "if you want to know who's boss around hyar, start somethin', will yer?"—(another twist of the rope round his legs),—"Why don't yer say somethin' now? Why don't yer git up and argufy the point, hey?" Napoleon may have felt that way when he conquered Egypt, or Hannibal when he crossed the Alps. Quien sabe!

"Let's ride inter town ternight and shoot it up," says "Montana Pete" to "Idaho Jack." "I've got forty bones not workin' in my jeans."

"I shore is yore man," answers "Montana Pete"; "I shore savey the game. Tell yer w'ot, Jack. Lend us ten o' them bones an' I'll toss yer w'ether yer gits yer ten back er I takes the lot."

If you've never been a cow-puncher, perhaps you'll think I'm yarning, but I assure you I'm not. A cowboy with

loose money about his person, nothing to do, and a shooting iron hanging to his hip was a dangerous thing; had about as much sense as a sucking babe, but was as innocent often, and as sweet tempered. Mind you, I don't say that George Lane was like this—don't believe

SIR HUGH ALLAN WAS ONE OF THE FIRST OF THE MEN WHO "MADE THE BAR U"

parents. When he grew to be sixteen years old, could lick every kid of his age in the district, detested "gurrls" and smoked cigarettes, he took the long trail across "Nebraskey" and Wyoming into "Montaner." His father had "blazed the way" there some years before, and the

A. A. ALLAN

H. A. ALLAN

he was—besides, I live in the same town with him now, can't run as fast, and have no life insurance; and I'm too young to die just yet.

When Lane reached the Bar U he found Fred Stimson in charge, and set to with a right good will to help him. Stimson later went into the cattle business in Cuba, after the Spanish-American war, but is now located somewhere in Mexico.

Lane was born in I-o-way, and when but a stripling moved into Kansas with his

CHARLES E. MILLAR

Veteran cow-puncher of the Bar U, and another factor in the success of the famous Alberta ranch

kid "run him down" in "Virginey City." He got work on a big ranch nearby.

It was a common practice in those days to drive beef 700 miles to market, shipping at Grange via the Union Pacific to Chicago. Big herds would start in April for October shipment. In '83 he made a trip as far north as Fort Kipp in Alberta, and when he returned in the spring, he announced his intention of making Alberta his headquarters.

It is said of George Lane that he has

a great respect for the maple tree, for it was the source of his first earnings. When he was a small kid back at home, he picked two sacks of maple seeds which he sold for ten dollars, real money; this money he converted into two calves, the foundation of his present enormous cattle business. Today his cattle are numbered by the thousand, and in addition to his half interest in the Bar U, he owns a small ranch of 10,000 acres south of Bassano, the "Flying E" Ranch at Willow Creek, and other trifling properties. At the "Flying E" he has a summer home, and generally spends part of each year there with the family.

Mr. Lane doesn't always crease his trousers, and his hat is the same old Stetson that he has worn since "way back"—I don't dare say how long. Perhaps he doesn't know himself. His pepper-and-salt, long-tailed cutaway is known from the Coast to the 'Peg. His is a picturesque figure; an attractive personality; a double-barrelled, back-action, high-pressure, electrical dynamo at full speed; a living example of perpetual motion, mental, physical and corporal; a six-foot giant with tow-colored hair and the smile of a sister of charity. His skin is tanned the color of a saddle, or a sorrel horse, and his voice rumbles like a big, bass drum.

He's the boss on the ranch, there's no doubt about that. When Harbeck and I were taking pictures of his thoroughbred stock at the Bar U, we felt like two kids "playing hookey" from school.

"No," he'd yell. "No, that won't do at all, at all. Don't take it from thar. Don't you see the ground rises thar? Come over hyar. I want it taken from hyar". Or again he'd say: "I want that thar hill to show up. Don't take that off hoss—he don't look good to-day," etc., etc., and I want to tell you when it comes to picturesque, expressive language, his education has not been neglected. He has graduated with honors in cow-punchers' lingo; holds a sheepskin from the University of Hard Knocks; a testimonial from the College of Real Life—has "walked the hospitals" of the Far West when it was "wild and yard-wide-woolly."

During the Indian war in Montana, Lane played his little part, receiving as a reward for his services $2,800 in vouchers. This he delivered to his mother, who promptly took them to the bank to be cashed and deposited. The banker was evidently a Spaniard, or a Jew, or a "Get-Rich-Quick-Schemer." He looked over the vouchers and sadly shook his head. Then he wrung his hands, spoke touchingly of the hard times brought on by the war, and with real tears in his eyes, murmured, "My tear ledy; my tear ledy; vhy do you bring dese pepers to me? I am a poor man; I haf no money; I haf no credit; the very most von could offer for tese vould be eighty cents on ter tollar, and even then, I am near bring mysel' to te pankruptcy court."

Mrs. Lane took the eighty cents on the dollar, thinking it was all she could get, but George Lane's bovish enthusiasm remained undaunted; he felt that he was on a fair way to becoming a millionaire; that he was in a class with Carnegie, Rockefeller, Hetty Green, and Morgan.

When the Allans began to ship cattle, having meantime equipped their ships to handle them, other ranchers followed suit. Upon the initiation of these long trans-continental shipments, the question of watering the cattle upon the journey was one of the most serious difficulties to contend with. The cattle, having been used to pure water from the mountain streams, refused to drink the condensed and stale water served on railroad and shipboard, and the shippers soon saw that something had to be done to remedy it.

From Calgary to Liverpool the distance is, approximately, 6,500 miles, and the price that beef brought upon delivery at Liverpool and London depended altogether upon the manner in which the animals were handled upon the journey, the food they got and the water served. Otherwise their condition and weight were inadequate to cover payments to the shippers, the railroad and the steamship—not sufficient to justify the industry.

Now, I know something about these

early methods of cattle shipment by steamship from Montreal. Montreal was my home; I went to school there; got licked there; fell in love there, and then wandered away. And my first wandering was as a cattle tender on one of the old Allan Line boats.

When the cattle began to come aboard on my first trip, they seemed to me the wildest, toughest, craziest, most untamable things that ever crossed my path. They were dirty an l sullen from their long boxcar ride across the continent; they raced pell-mell up the narrow gangway from the wharf to the vessel, slipping, sliding and slopping across the greasy decks, bellowing, struggling and smelling. The longshoremen prodded them in the ribs with sharp sticks, and they moaned; the cattle tenders kicked them in the slats and they groaned; while the crew and the balance of the cattle tenders herded them roughly forward into the temporary wooden stalls which were to serve them for state-rooms on the voyage.

Oh! the steer, the steer, the beautiful steer,
Kicking the flies from the point of his ear,
Flapping his tail in his frolicsome glee,
Hopping about like a Snake River flea;
Bellowing,
Roaring,
Thundering along,
Filling the air with his steer-i-cal song,
Till the rumble and wheeze of his lung-laden pits,
Scares gophers and badgers and wolves into fits;
To me, there is nothing on earth half so dear
As the long-horned,
Slim-bodied,
Canadian steer.

As cattle tender, I had some forty cattle to look after, to feed, to water, to bed. The hay was stacked in bales nearby, and the water we drew from large tanks, specially filled for that purpose. It was all right going down the river, and when the weather was fine, but when we got out to sea, and the wind came up strong, all the powers of darkness seemed let loose. The animals became tired, and fell down, rolling from side to side or slipping backwards and forwards, and when in this condition, like the human being, they lost all inclination to eat.

I had thought that their legs were fitted with double-action reversible springs; that their back-bones were of cast steel; that their stomachs were india rubber lined and indestructible; but now, in the storm, it was different. They appeared made of guttapercha or pliable wire, and would crumple up into corners and close their eyes; they failed to resent a telling kick in the ribs, and never even raised a whimper when prodded in the shins. Of course they lost weight, couldn't eat, wouldn't drink; they didn't represent paying propositions.

The Allans realized that; the cattlemen realized that, and the shippers realized it. Co-operation on the part of all concerned was necessary to save the day; so the cattlemen and the railway men and the steamship men and the shippers got together to improve conditions and better business. And it has improved every year since; in spite of hard winters and low prices, the business was brought to the point where it was profitable, and the accommodations for the animals made adequate and comfortable.

Amongst the earliest ranchers were many farm boys from Eastern Canada —Ontario. Old cattlemen have told me that they could name twenty such boys who came west a score of years ago on salaries of from $30 to $40 a month who are to-day worth from $25,000 to $100,000, while the names of the Americans are legion.

Pat Burns is one; the McHugh brothers, Stimson, George Lane, are others.

It took Lane seven years to branch out in business for himself, and in '91, in company with his present manager, Herbert Miller, we find him buying and shipping cattle into British Columbia. Then he went to work with Pat Burns for a while. Later, still in company with Miller, he passed over into Montana and purchased some 3,000 horses, which he drove into Canada. They located on the "Y. T."

Ranch on Willow Creek, Little Bow River, and remained there until driven out by the incoming wheat grower. Lane still owns this ranch, which is, perhaps, his favorite property. It is, at least, with members of his family, and in summer is open house to all.

For comfort, its picturesque residence house makes one remember the original shack-residence of Manager Stimson at Bar U. Outside, it was a rough log hut, inside a haven of rest and comfort—an Oriental hall of luxury and elegance. Stimson's friends were legion; everyone that knew the Allans and was going west, secured a letter of introduction to the genial manager of the Bar U, and so delightful must have been their stay, that when they moved on, back came a present—a token of friendship—at first opportunity. Pottery from Egypt, brasses from India, temple cloths from Japan and China, and the thousand and one countless little ornaments and trinkets that "world-roamers" pick up carelessly as they pass by, decorated its rooms. Such a collection of Indian work has perhaps not since been seen in the west.

But the lure of Cuba and Sir William Van Horne spirited Stimson away, and the call of the tropics held him. Mexico is his home now, but the cattle business is yet his business.

In '92, George Lane—now thoroughly grown up—with his partner, Gordon Ironsides, went down to Montreal to negotiate with the Allans for the purchase of the Bar U. The Allans asked $250,000, Lane offered $220,000. The Allans invited George to dine at the St. James' Club, and George went. They dined in evening clothes, and at 8.30. They had "severial" drinks, and then some more drinks. Then the waiter brought in cigars, and Lane felt it was time to talk further business.

They fenced and sparred and bluffed for a good half hour, but eventually the Allans, upon repeated offers from their guest, looked at one another, laughed, and said, "All right, George, you can have it at that, but $50,000 down, and the balance upon signing the deeds. You can have it at that, George."

They sat back in their chairs and motioned the waiter to fill up the glasses; they smiled, and nodded at one another good-humoredly; they didn't think Lane had the money.

But they reckoned without their guest; they forgot the manner of man he was. Then and there, he "just dug down into his jeans" and came up with $50,000.

"It has allus been my rule in life," said Mr. Lane, afterwards, "to be prepared for an emergency, and so I went into this intervu' with my rope unslung 'case some steer w'd stampede. I was prepared to do business. When I suggested so much down and the balance upon signing the deeds, I know'd it w'd take two weeks to git the deeds ready, and that in that time, with the ranch as my hitchin' post, I could easily raise the money. Yew can't bluff a cowboy—men trained to dominate all living things around 'em."

The following year, Messrs. Lane, Ironsides & Fares went into the horse business in earnest, bringing in first-class breeds from across the line, Great Britain and France, till to-day it is conceded that the Bar U has the finest collection of Percheron mares and stallions, not only in Canada, but on the Continent. These horses George Lane has picked out himself in frequent trips to Great Britain and France, and that he knew how to pick the best was demonstrated recently when the French Government sent and offered him $5,000 for the return of a certain stallion purchased last summer.

Mr. Lane has built up a show-ring and breeding reputation for his blacks and greys that other breeders may well be jealous of. Who would have thought, five years ago, that a Percheron breeder in Alberta could go to one of the leading horse shows in America and carry off the prize as Mr. Lane did, from such veterans of the Percheron show-rings as marshalled their entries for the fray at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition during its opening weeks? The success of the Lane stud on that occasion is one of the highest tributes yet paid to the

excellence of the horses that constitute the Bar U establishment. Professor W. L. Carlyle, head of the University of Idaho, said, in this connection, that "Lane had thirteen head of the finest Percherons that he had seen at any of the fairs he had attended either on the Pacific or Middle Western States."

At the Spokane Interstate Fair during this past summer, Lane's stud repeated the success gained at Seattle, causing much comment in the United States, and wide publicity for Alberta.

Mr. Lane sells his stock only direct to the purchaser, that is, he allows no middleman.

"I want to sell my horses, of course," he told me, "but I want to sell them at a fair price to the purchaser, and not at one-third or one-half more cost to him, into the pocket of the middleman. It is true that by sticking to this principle I have lost many a sale, but what of it? Why should the purchaser pay $2,000 for a mare when it can be bought for $1,000 or $1,200, or $3,000 for a stallion when it can be purchased for $1,700 or $2,000? I made enemies and lost sales at first, but eventually, and so soon as dealers knew my principle, the sales increased."

Nearly a thousand blooded horses are cared for at the Bar U, of which 400 odd are mares. To the present, only stallions have been sold.

If I want to borrow money, or get advice or sympathy, I make a bee line for George Lane's Calgary shack at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Fourth Street, West, for though he is extremely busy, he has always time to spare for his friends, and his heart is big enough to put aside his own affairs and listen to theirs.

Here's to you, George Lane, here's to you! May your shadow never grow less.

RONDEAU

BY T. A. DALY

IF we are poor and do not know
The numerous delights that flow
From horns of plenty choked with gold,
We lack as well the cares untold
That hand in hand with riches go.

We have our home wherein, although
The outer world be white with snow,
We keep our hearts from growing cold,
If we are poor.

We're strangers quite to pomp and show,
But here we are, we two, and O!
That dimpled little One-year-old!
Love's riches here are manifold.
Dear Lord, we pray Thee keep us so
If we are poor.

MORTON'S MASTERPIECE

By

GEORGE T. PARDY

AUTHOR OF "SCARLET SILAS", "PRIVATE HACKETT", ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. K. WINTER

"IT was a queer piece of business," said Delavan meditatively, "and I've never told the facts, if facts they are, to a living soul. Not even my wife knows about it; Milly's a nervous little body, and I wouldn't like to scare her by admitting that my good fortune came to me in such a curious way. It was lucky for me, though. I was as poor as a church mouse, and Milly and I might not have been able to get married for Lord knows how long if things hadn't turned out as they did. Your remark at supper about supernatural causes influencing a man's destiny started me thinking about the affair. Now that we are alone, I don't mind telling you the yarn. Try one of these Havanas, they're pretty good stuff."

He pushed the box over to Sutherland as he spoke, and the latter, selecting a cigar, applied a light to it and settled back comfortably in the depths of his easy chair. It was past midnight, Mrs. Delavan had retired, and the two friends were alone in the study of the big country house.

"When you went to London as correspondent for the *Clarion* five years ago," began Delavan, "I had quite given up hope of ever benefitting by my Uncle Andrew's wealth. When the old gentleman passed over to the great majority, it transpired that he had willed his entire estate at New Orleans to a stranger named Louis Morton, who had lived with him since the death of my cousin Dorothy in Montreal. My uncle was perfectly sane when he died, and there was no earthly chance for me to dispute the will, so you may judge of my surprise and delight when I received a letter from Mr. Morton asking me to visit him at New Orleans, stating that he was in very feeble health, and he would be glad if, as the rightful heir, I would remain with him and take charge of the estate. Needless to say, I accepted the invitation, and in a few days after the receipt of the letter I found myself installed as Morton's guest in the Crescent City.

"It did not need the evidence of a medical man to tell me that he was not long for this world. Naturally of slender build, he was wasted to a mere shadow, and all the remaining vitality of his frail body seemed to be concentrated in the burning gaze of his dark, hollow eyes. He was a very decent sort of chap, and we got along well together, in spite of the settled melancholy which clung about him like a shroud.

"One night we were sitting together in the library of the old mansion. As was the case with you and me to-night, our conversation turned upon things supernatural, and I ventured to express the belief that the communion of a heavenly spirit with an earthly one might actually occur under certain conditions. Morton started, a deep red flush passed over his thin, worn cheeks, and then died away, leaving his face of a more deadly pallor than

before. For an instant he stared at me in his curious, penetrating fashion, and then said abruptly :

" 'I will tell you the truth—why should I not, as you are to be my successor ? I became the owner of this estate through just such an agency as you speak of—a mysterious communication with the dead.'

"He paused, and I gazed at him in silence. Had the man gone suddenly insane ? His thin features worked convulsively, and his long, bony fingers clutched the edge of the table, with feverish energy as he bent over and brought his phantom-like visage close to mine.

" 'You start, you think I have taken leave of my senses,' he said hurriedly, 'but I swear before high heaven that my mind is as calm, as evenly balanced as your own. Come with me to my bedroom, and I will show you evidence in the shape of the greatest picture I have ever painted—my masterpiece, the canvas into which I have put my heart and soul—the one connecting link between the unknown world and myself.'

"He sprang to his feet and rushed out of the room. Following him through a spacious corridor I entered his bed chamber. Immediately over the mantel-piece there hung a large picture covered with some fleecy drapery, through which I could see the faint outlines of a dead woman lying upon a velvet pall. Without raising the curtain that concealed the picture, Morton thrust his hand under it, and grasping some letters that were put into the frame, hurried me out of the room again and back to our table in the library.

" 'I need these,' he said, seating himself and placing the letters before him, 'to complete the history of the picture which you saw just now.'

" 'But I did not see it,' I interposed, 'I scarcely had time to glance at it through the curtain.'

" 'I did not intend that you should,' he returned gravely. 'That picture is for my eyes alone. When I die, it will vanish with me. You will understand why, when I have told you its history.'

"I will give you the story as Morton told it to me, as nearly as possible in his own words. If you could have seen the narrator as I saw him, Sutherland, his dark wild eyes ablaze with excitement, his slender form quivering in every muscle as he emphasized each word with frantic gestures of his bony hands, you could not have doubted his earnestness, whatever your opinion might have been regarding the truth of the tale. It ran as follows :

* * * * *

I entered the city of Montreal one cold night in November. Under the black infinite sky that night there was not a creature more absolutely friendless than I. Between me and starvation there rested very little money, a crude idea of color, some talent in drawing, and a resolute will to become a successful painter. I was in search of a studio. All that I needed was a garret with a northern light, and this I stumbled upon in an obscure quarter of the city. It was difficult to induce the miserable old Italian who kept the pawnbroker's store below to let me have the room. He wanted to thrust me into every nook in the old building but that garret—the very one that was necessary to me. The man was old, with little piercing black eyes, skin like a piece of parchment, and a nose and chin that almost met. Greed of the most rapacious and repelling kind was stamped on every line of his face. I offered him a month's rent in advance, and the sight of the money finished the bargain. He signed the receipt with his trembling skeleton claws. His name was Giuseppe Magliani.

Having procured possession of my room, I proceeded to explore it. It was large, square and gloomy to desolation. A dim light struggled in from the upper window through the dirt and grime of ages. The dingy boards were full of cracks and holes; the old black rafters concealed an army of spiders, and the immense festoons of webs were so ingeniously contrived as to call forth a species of admiration. An old wooden bedstead leaned up against the wall in one corner; in another reclined a broken-backed

chair. An open fire-place yawned before me, suggestive of possibilities of genial warmth, but there was no fuel, and my funds were at too low an ebb to permit of my purchasing any. It was necessary for me to husband my slender resources with jealous care, lest the grim spectre of starvation which hovered in the background should seize me in its grisly grip.

Ten o'clock had just chimed from a distant steeple when I threw myself on the bed and tried to sleep. It was bitterly cold, and the one blanket that covered me was thin and ragged. Outside, the wind howled mournfully, and sharp gusts shook the crazy windows and swept through the room; my chilled bones ached dismally, and I lay shivering and wide awake for several hours.

All at once I became conscious of a singular numbing sensation which crept gradually over me. A delicious warmth spread itself about me, crept into my lungs and relieved the dull oppression on my chest. I wondered vaguely if I had passed through the preliminary tortures of freezing, and had entered upon the fatal stage of numbness which is said to precede death in such cases. Yet I was not afraid. I fancy that my feelings were like those of a morphine fiend who yields himself to the soothing influence of the drug he loves. If death was to come, why, it could not come easier. I had never before experienced so thoroughly the bliss of non-resistance—the sinking to rest under the thrall of a subduing power. Suddenly, however, there intruded on this sense of perfect peace an alien influence, a false note in the harmony of angelic chords which seemed to permeate the atmosphere. *I felt that there was something or somebody in the room with me.*

This fancy troubled me so much that I became restless, distrustful, angry. Why could I not be allowed to lie supine and pass away into the great unknown peacefully? Nothing mattered any more, the world and all its vain, foolish striving lay behind me; I had practically ceased to exist. Yet insistent, dominant, all powerful, there pressed a hypnotic force upon my unwilling senses, commanding me to arise, to challenge the spirit of darkness which inhabited that lone apartment with me.

Reluctantly, even as a drunkard awakes from slumber, I arose and staggered to the mantel-piece, where I had left a candle and some matches. As I groped along the floor my hand came in contact with something which felt like drapery. I recoiled with a start, recalling to myself the utter bareness of the room when I went to bed. Cautiously I stretched my hand out again. It encountered a hard substance, a square beam of wood, with folds of cloth hanging about it. For an instant I stood appalled, my breath coming in short gasps. I rubbed my eyes vigorously, wondering if I were walking in my sleep. At last my trembling hand found the much desired candle and I struck a match. As the feeble glimmer of light shone out in the darkness I looked eagerly around. Before my startled eyes the garret appeared in all its old time bareness, desolate, cold and forbidding. There was no article of furniture in view which would account for the beam and drapery which my hand had encountered.

Was it possible that I had slept and dreamed of this thing? I had heard of cases where men, half awake, had undergone strange hallucinations. Perhaps this was such a case! I blew out the candle and went back to bed. No sooner had I stretched my limbs on the wretched mattress than I sunk into a deep slumber.

On the following morning I set up my easel, laid out my colors, stretched my canvas, and tried to sketch the outlines of a picture. Useless endeavor! My hand seemed to have lost its cunning, and after a few vain attempts I desisted and went out for a walk. As I passed through the pawnbroker's store below I encountered my landlord.

"Just a moment, Mr. Magliani," I said. "Would you mind telling me if some strange spirit haunts that garret which you have rented to me?"

I spoke in a jovial, careless tone,

but the Italian turned deathly pale.

"There's no necessity for you to get scared," I said. "I was only referring to the ghost of a table or couch, or something in the furniture line. I could almost swear that when I got out of bed last night I felt two posts of wood in the middle of the room, with some kind of drapery about them."

Magliani muttered something under his breath, but made no definite reply, and I went out into the street. I had almost convinced myself that my experiences of the previous night were due to the unsettled state of my nerves, and my strange surroundings. But as the night fell I began to feel an odd despondency settling down upon me. I regained my garret, lighted my candle, and bustled about with an attempt at cheer that was pitiably abortive. It seemed impossible to fight against the cold and solitude that reigned in my lonely apartment. It made the blood congeal in my veins, my teeth chatter in my head, and I longed for the feeling of relief I had known when that strange numbness crept over my senses. The sad stillness of a churchyard seemed to lurk in every corner of the room, and I was glad when the hour came for me to creep under my wretched blankets. My delight may be imagined when, after suffering an agony of cold, I felt suddenly again the soft, delicious warmth of the night before—the tender currents of air, the impalpable, caressing luxury of my former trance. I lay still, entranced, resolved not to fight against the sway of the mysterious power which governed me even as the seductive odor of opium subdues its slaves. Surely the realms of Paradise could offer no greater bliss than this!

But suddenly, breaking in upon my delicious dream, there came the odd sense of a strange adverse influence in the room. There was something present, something intangible, but none the less insistent, commanding me to arise. I tumbled wearily out of my bed, groped about the floor, and felt a sharp chill shoot through my heart as my hand touched a drapery of cloth covering a beam of wood. A gust of indignation swept through my veins. Was I a child, a fool, to be played with in this fashion? Was my Italian landlord trying to frighten me in some way for some obscure reason of his own?

I plunged forward boldly, resolved to grasp this mystery, whatever it was, and bring it to the light. My hand closed on the beam, a good strong grip, and I pulled with a will. But it would not move, strain as I might. Either it was too heavy or it was fastened to the floor. My hand touched the folds of cloth, and I realized that they extended for several feet. The beams of wood seemed to support a few boards at the top, over which the cloth was spread. I placed my hand on the top of the board, and jumped back with a start. The very marrow of my bones froze. Sobbing hysterically, confused and terror stricken, I retreated, reached the wall, and grasping convulsively at the mantel-piece, found the candle. I lighted it with trembling hands, and looked around me. There was nothing to be seen save the aching bare desolation of my miserable garret chamber!

I sat up in the chair all night, afraid of I knew not what, not daring to again recline upon my wretched pallet. On the following night I left my candle burning, and felt nothing but the bitter cold, saw nothing but the bare room.

I suffered so much with cold, disappointment, and baffled curiosity that when night came again I resolved to put away my candle. Supposing darkness to be necessary for the solution of this mystery, I would lie in bed and permit the most Stygian obscurity to envelop me. Yet, when, upon shivering for a time, I felt suddenly the familiar warmth creep over me, the luxurious atmosphere invade my mouth and nostrils, I trembled. A nameless terror gripped me, chill after chill stole up my back, my hair seemed to rise upon my head. Again I felt the inexorable power commanding me to rise, and, as though forced forward by an irrestible hand, I got out of my bed and staggered across

the floor. Some intuitive instinct warned me to use no haste, to move silently. I reached the drapery, and extended my hand along the substance which it covered. Suddenly the drapery came to an end. My hand dropped an inch and touched a face colder than a block of ice.

It was a dead body that drapery covered, and which lay upon those boards in my room.

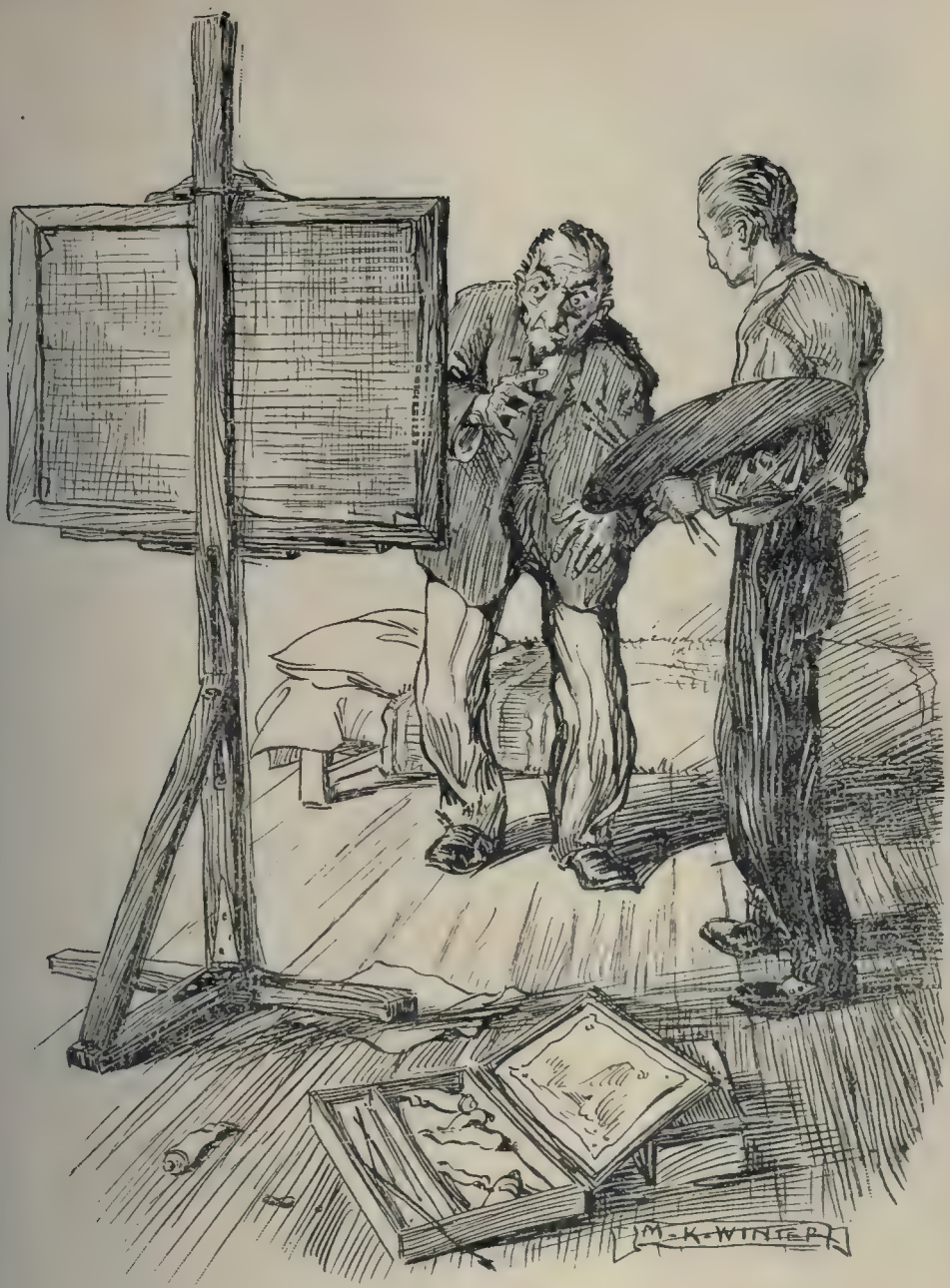
Now, I had known this the night before, I had realized the presence of the dead, but the shock of feeling a tangible presence under my hand made my limbs shake as though suffering from ague. A cold sweat broke out on my forehead; I retreated to the mantel-piece and lighted the candle. There was nothing to be seen except the old rickety furniture of the apartment, and I cursed myself for my cowardice.

It is said that time cures all things, even the menace of fear, and so it proved in my case. Within a week I had become familiar with that ghastly presence, and had grown to look forward to its coming. Why not ? Alone and despairing as I was, it saved me from sheer madness. It was food for my mind, consolation for my heart. If the living had cast me off, the dead had come to comfort me. I passed hour after hour with it alone, and grew familiar with it as with a companion. It was the body of a young girl. The outlines of the face were smoothly rounded, the features delicate and small; the lids of the eyes were large and full, and the lashes fine and long. The teeth were regular and perfect, and even the tiny ear was a marvel of exquisite form. The hair I felt must be of a soft golden color, it had not the vigor of black or brown, and passed through my hand like meshes of silk or floss. I could not see it, I could see nothing; but instinct, fancy—who can say what it was ?—taught me every line of the form, every color, every grace of my nightly companion.

Finally a great inspiration dawned upon me. Since all her loveliness was mine, why not copy it ? I made up my mind to paint her, to have her for my own forever. From the moment of my decision new life seemed to have entered into me. Day after day I lingered at my work, day after day the picture grew, until at last her fair face shone resplendent on the canvas. A sweet pale face, the low brow shadowed with a cloud of golden hair, a delicate sensitive mouth and rounded chin, a slender graceful figure, rested on my easel. It was a masterpiece—the great work of my life. I waited for the night with feverish eagerness, for I wanted to tell my pale, cold girl visitant all that I had done for her. I would whisper it abroad to the air above that ghostly pall. It might be that her wandering spirit would hear and reply in some wise.

But when night came, for the first time since my occupancy of the garret, I found myself alone in the dark. My hand wandered in vain for the familiar drapery; it had vanished with its sweet burden forever. I lighted the candle and rushed to the easel. The picture was there—the form of my loved one in all her grace and beauty still adorned the canvas. I heaved a deep sigh of relief. This consolation was at least left me; whatever the ghostly influences might be that had controlled my movements, they had not utterly robbed me of the gracious presence of the fair phantom which transformed my wretched abode into a temporary paradise. What if it was the picture of a dead woman with her shroud around her ? To me she might have been lying asleep upon a velvet couch in an atmosphere of luxury and perfume. I had painted her as she came to me, cold and pale, but filling me with warmth and gladness.

Yet I was almost starving. I had little left with which to buy food, and my landlord was clamoring for his rent. One morning he appeared in my room, demanded what money was due him, and was proceeding to abuse me vigorously in broken English, when his eye caught sight of the picture on my easel. Instantly his lower jaw dropped, he staggered back, and raised his clasped hands in an



WHEN HIS EYE CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE PICTURE ON THE EASEL, HIS JAW DROPPED, AND HE STAGGERED BACK

agony of supplication. I was at a loss to account for his absurd terror, and laughed as he crept out of the door, evidently panic-stricken. I followed him on to the landing outside.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked. "Didn't you ever see a picture of a dead person before? Now, as regards my bill, if you will have patience a little longer you will get your money."

He only moaned and wrung his hands. "I am a poor man," he said dejectedly. "I will forgive you your

bill if you will only go away and leave me in peace."

"Nothing of the kind," I responded, gaining courage as I saw him tremble "I'm here to stay as long as the place suits me."

"But I am poor," he repeated pitifully. "All that you see in the store below is not mine. 'Tis the property of my customers, signor, I swear it by the Virgin."

"Then I, too, will be one of your customers," I said, taking from my pocket a silver watch. "Let me have ten dollars on this, and later on I will make other arrangements with you."

I said this largely in a spirit of bravado, with the idea of showing the Italian that I was not afraid of him, but I had hardly expected him to comply with my request. Judge, then, of my surprise, when he nodded his head in meek assent and trotted down the stairs to his shop. I followed him, and he counted out the ten dollars I had asked for without another word. His hand shook as I placed the watch in it, and for a moment he hesitated, as though chary of accepting it. But I had other things to think of than the peculiarities of my ill-favored host, and I hastened down the street to procure my frugal provisions for the week. When I returned, a grim silence prevailed in the house, but I was too much pre-occupied to notice it.

I had made overtures to the Academy with a view to placing my picture on exhibition. Such an honor was not to be easily won by a young and unknown artist, but the same invisible power which had directed me from the beginning seemed to urge me forward, and without any great feeling of surprise—so inevitable did the march of events appear to me—I learned that my work was accepted. I had named the canvas "A Vision," the most appropriate title that I could think of, and at two o'clock on the afternoon of the day that I pawned my watch, I stood before it and noticed with deep satisfaction that the committee had placed it in a good light and a position of considerable prominence. It was ticketed number 114, and judging by the comments of visitors to the gallery, was creating a decided sensation. The subject of the painting seemed to inspire many of the reviewers with feelings of awe, in some cases of absolute horror, but all agreed in praising the skill and technique of the artist. It was a somber triumph enough, but one that was worth having lived until then for —aye, worth dying for, should the fates which had guided my hand so decree.

I returned to my dismal abode to find the Italian's store upon the ground floor closed, with its wooden shutters up and screening the interior from view. Entering by the door of the back room, I saw that it was empty. The various bundles, with their accompanying tickets, had disappeared from the shelves. The only article remaining was the silver watch which I had left with the pawnbroker earlier in the day. It lay upon the counter, in the same spot where he had placed it when he handed me the ten dollars. I stood gazing at it in bewilderment. What could the decrepit old Italian mean by his strange behaviour? If he had left with the goods of all his other customers, why had he not taken mine also, having paid me a sum that was really above its actual value? What weird mystery was it that enshrouded everything connected with this House of the Dead? Why did its former occupant shrink from me, and why should he have been overcome with terror at the sight of my picture?

Several days passed and the Italian did not return. I continued to inhabit my gloomy garret, although I found the desolation almost unendurable. Since the beloved phantom had deserted me, since all that remained of her rested in that warm, luxurious gallery, my life had become a hollow, useless thing. I was unable to work again until I had that picture once more in my possession. By day and night I haunted the Academy waiting impatiently for the time when I could carry away my prize. Wild, bitter yearnings assailed me when I recalled the touch of that sweet, cold face,

those still, small hands. She was the only woman I had ever loved, and yet I did not even know her name. She could not tell me, for she was dead, with all her cold loveliness lost to me forever.

One day the following letter was delivered to me :

Eagle Hotel, New York, N. Y.

MR. LOUIS MORTON,

Dear Sir,—Understanding that your Academy picture, "A Vision," number 114, is the property of the artist, I would beg the honor of an interview with you, as I am desirous of purchasing the same.

Yours truly,

ANDREW DELAVAN.

To most struggling artists such a communication would have seemed like a promise of rare good fortune, to be received with pride and thankfulness. To my overwrought mind it appeared like a ribald insult, an attempt to besmirch that sacredness of my soul's idol by placing her on the sordid level of things to be bought and sold in the public marts.

I immediately sent this reply :

MR. ANDREW DELAVAN,

Dear Sir,—The picture you have made inquiries regarding is not for sale.

Yours truly,

LOUIS MORTON.

The curt ungraciousness of my reply did not deter my correspondent from again writing me, for early the next morning I received the following letter:

MR. LOUIS MORTON,

Dear Sir,—The poor state of my health prevents me from calling upon you, but as the disposition of this picture is a matter of deep and vital importance to me, I entreat you to visit me at my hotel this evening. If you see fit to grant my request, I will remember the favor with feelings of intense gratitude to my dying day, which my physician tells me is very close at hand.

Yours sincerely,

ANDREW DELAVAN.

I was not so thoroughly wrapped up in the selfish contemplation of my own unhappiness as to be deaf to the earnest pathos of this appeal. That evening I called upon Mr. Delavan as requested. I found him to be a helpless invalid, whose letter had not exaggerated the seriousness of his condition. But still I steadily refused to listen to his proposition in regard to purchasing my masterpiece. He entreated me to name my own price, stating that he was wealthy, possessed of a large estate in New Orleans, and able to recompense me in princely fashion. Finding that I was resolved to remain obdurate, he was silent for a few moments, and then said :

"It was merely by chance that I saw your painting. My visit to Montreal was for the purpose of consulting a famous specialist, whose verdict that I have but a few months to live only confirmed the judgment of my home physician. Will you deem it an impertinence if I ask you why this picture is so dear to you?"

"As a work of art——" I began, and hesitated. It seemed unworthy of my loved spirit model to stoop to subterfuge in the smallest degree. "It is an object of affection," I continued sullenly. "I cannot explain further."

"Is it a portrait?" he queried eagerly.

"I do not know," I responded desperately. "Let it suffice that the original is everything to me, and can be nothing to anyone else."

"In God's name, man," he said, clenching his thin, wasted hands, "will you not tell me more? Who is she, where did you see her? Can you bring me to her, and let me look upon her face before I die?"

"What you ask is impossible," I replied sadly. "I could not, if I would."

"Then you are determined to sacrifice the few short days remaining to me of my wretched life," he cried bitterly. "I have not slept a single hour since I looked upon your painting, yet you refuse to relieve my agony by replying to such simple questions."

"Since you insist," I said, touched by his frantic appeal, "I will answer as you desire. But I warn you that I do not expect to be believed, and that you will look upon me as a madman when you have heard all.

"I cannot tell you who the original of my picture is. Her very name and nationality are unknown to me. I discovered her first in the dead of night, lying upon a raised wooden structure in the centre of a dark, gloomy garret, and covered with some kind of heavy drapery. I could not see her, I could only feel, She lay quite still and motionless, for she was dead. That is the full extent of my knowledge regarding the original of my painting. Since the picture was finished she has never revisited my lonely room. Now I have told you my secret, and you may pronounce me a liar, dreamer, madman, what you will."

He leaned forward and took my hands impulsively in his.

"I believe everything that you have told me," he said earnestly. "What are we, poor, weak, human atoms, that we should mock the mysteries of the shadowland that borders on the grave? Listen in turn to my story, and you will understand why I should wish to possess your work. Twenty years ago my wife died at our New Orleans home, leaving me alone on earth save for my little daughter, Dorothy. On her I lavished all the affection of my bereaved heart. She grew into beautiful, gracious womanhood, but she was always a delicate flower, and at length her health became so bad that on the advice of her doctor I took her away, with the intention of spending the hot summer months in the north. Six years ago we embarked for Montreal. I was in hopes that the sea voyage would benefit my child, but from the day we left New Orleans she grew steadily worse. When we arrived in Montreal I was unwilling to take Dorothy in her nervous condition to a public hotel. A fellow-passenger directed me to a quiet lodging kept by an Italian, and we went there. I did not fancy the appearance of my host, but, as it afterwards transpired, he was able to be of considerable service to me. Although the house was a poor one, my wealth enabled me to give my daughter every luxury and attention that she required. But all was in vain, the hand of Fate had marked me for another bitter trial, for in a little while my darling grew worse and died."

The old man's voice faltered, and he paused. I took advantage of the momentary silence to ask a question that his recital had awakened in my mind.

"Do you remember the name of your Italian host?" I inquired.

"Perfectly; it was Giuseppe Magliani!"

"Were you personally able to look after your daughter during her illness?"

"I was with her until she died. Then I became ill, and was confined to bed while they prepared my child for her journey to our home. She had made me promise that I would bury her there, under the sunny southern skies she loved so well. But before they placed her in the coffin, I was taken to look my last upon her, and as Heaven is my judge, I swear that as she lay there on her velvet shawl, even so she lies in your picture. The dead girl whom some unknown power caused you to create in your painting is the exact image of my daughter Dorothy. Can you wonder any longer why I wish to possess that portrait?"

"No," I responded; "you shall have the picture."

I left the hotel with my brain whirling confusedly, amazed, almost appalled by what I had heard. The man Magliani, my sinister host, for that he was the same Italian mentioned in Mr. Delavan's story I could not doubt; what was his secret, the secret which caused him to cringe at the sight of my picture, and flee from the house? I had barely whispered the query to myself when a hand touched my shoulder, and turning round, I found my ex-landlord beside me. His weazened, shrunken figure was trembling abjectedly, and his shrivelled yellow skin, quivering lips, and huge hooked nose loomed upon me like a figure in a nightmare.

"Signor," he whined, "for the love of the Virgin, promise that I shall not be harmed, and I will tell you where you can find her. I have followed and watched you. I have seen her father

in that hotel—has he vowed to have revenge on me? Does he know that I stole the body of his daughter?"

Weak as I was from the lack of sufficient food and the strain under which I had labored, the strength of a giant seemed to animate me for an instant. I seized the Italian by the throat and shook him furiously.

"You thief—you hell-hound!" I cried. "Tell me where you have buried her before I strangle you. Her father knows nothing, but I—I have surprised your secret, and mean to learn all."

"You are a magician, a devil," he gasped, as I released my hold on him. "You—you—brought the dead back and put her in a picture. But I did not hurt her—she was dead, and the dead cannot feel. I was poor, and the body was bright with jewels. The shawls were worth a lot of money, too. And she was fair, ah, so fair, to look upon. I knew secrets of embalming—I had followed the trade in my own country, and her beauty did not fade after I had exercised my arts upon her. I sent the coffin, weighted and well packed, to her home. But the body I kept for many months, and when all was silent, in the dead of night I used to seek the garret and feast my eyes upon her loveliness. Then I grew afraid—afraid of the creeping shadows and phantom voices that sighed and wailed in my ears. Also I feared discovery, for I had enemies, signor, who would have betrayed me to the law had they known. Therefore I removed the shawl and gems, and buried her myself in the yard behind my house. I placed it in a casket, that her spirit might not be wroth because of lack of care. Also I had masses said for her soul. Till you came all was well, but now I know no peace, and fear greatly the vengeance of her spirit and the old man her father."

There is little more to tell. When Andrew Delavan heard from my lips of the theft of his daughter's body, his anger against the miserly Italian was submerged in the desire to remove the remains of his child to her childhood's home. This, with the assistance of the terrified Magliani, was easily accomplished, and father, mother and child now rest side by side. The old man begged me not to leave him, and, as you know, I complied with his request. It will not be long before I, too, must pass away, and I trust to you to see that I am laid in the same grave.

* * * * *

"Such was Morton's story," said Delavan. "He died just three weeks after the night on which he narrated it to me. The picture disappeared; when I found him dead in his bed one morning, I saw that it no longer hung over the mantel. Whether he destroyed it, or it was spirited away by some mysterious agency, I am not prepared to say. Speaking for myself, I can only admit that I was confoundedly glad that it was gone, masterpiece though it was. Morton's tale had shaken my belief in the nonexistence of the supernatural for the time being, anyhow, and I was ready to accept either explanation. As a matter of fact, I was extremely anxious to sell the whole estate, and get back north as soon as I could. I did so, and here I am. But what's your candid opinion of the whole business?"

Sutherland puffed a couple of clouds of smoke into the air before replying. "What's the use of hazarding an opinion one way or the other on such matters?" he said. "Since I've been in the newspaper game I've learned that it isn't always the most plausible yarns that contain the largest proportion of sacred truth. On the other hand, an apparently monstrous, utterly unbelievable fake sometimes turns out to be the sterling gospel news item of the day. When it's so hard to distinguish between the false and true in everyday life, I think it's asking a little too much of a mere man to pronounce on the accuracy of information supposed to have been transmitted by spectral means. After all, what does it matter whether this gruesome narrative was a fantasy of poor Morton's constrained brain, or was derived from a genuine ghostly visitation? At all events, he managed

to produce a masterpiece of art which gave him a certain amount of melancholy satisfaction, and seems to have pleased your worthy uncle. Both of them got something out of the deal, and in the final shuffle of the cards you drew trumps. I can't see any reason why you should worry over the occult part of the affair."

"Oh, I'm not worrying," rejoined Delavan easily. "But a mystery of that kind naturally arouses a fellow's curiosity. I suppose we're all of us more or less victims of the habit of 'wanting to know.'"

Sutherland grinned sardonically. "We are, old chap," he said, "but there is a whole bunch of perplexing problems destined to remain unsolved on this side of the jumping-off place."

THE CAMPFIRE

BY SARA H. BIRCHALL

Nature's implacable, the house-bred say,
Yet, look you, where your cold and darkness lay,
Flashes the flame-spurt of a snarling match,
Blazes the birch-bark, quick the pine-twigs catch—

. . . . . .

Friends and a fire. Lo, a miracle!
The grim, unmoving wilderness is Home!

The Peterdactyl

By W. D. Eaton

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

"A NIGGER with a dark lantern huntin' fer a black cat in a coal-cellar at midnight in the dark o' the moon would be lika bunch-light made outa fifty suns, compared to the middla the ant-arc-tick winter at the south pole," mused the old circus man, as he looked out the window of the car.

"This minds me of it," said he. "Pitch dark, same's tonight, only insteada rain like the' is now, it's snow—black snow, same's they have in Pittsburg. An' cold——

"I was in Noo Yawrk wunst in winter, and I certainly thought I'd hit the limit fer cold weather. The noise of the thermometers bustin' sounded like a battle. I had to run up to Montreal to git thawed out. Noo Yawrk in winter is the coldest place in all the hants of civilized man—if you can call Noo Yawrkers civilized. I useta think it was the dawg's nose o' the yearth, but it ain't putn nawthin' over on the south pole, even at that.

"Howd I know about the south pole? Bin there. The' ain't no spot, place, region nor deestrict on the face o' the yearth I ain't bin to, wilderness or cultivated, near or far, habited or uninhabited, cold, hawt, *or* mejum, temprit or *in*temprit zone, trawpic, long-titude, *or* latitude. A man in my business goes wherever the Old Man says, at the dropa the hat, an' no questions ast.

"That is, we useta in the good old days, when a show was run with printn an' curiosities insteada press agents—an' performers. When Mr. Barnum was our Old Man, it wan't nawthin' to hop ten thousand mile at a minit's notice to hunt up and bring in new, strange an' novel specimens of the animile, minerile and vegetable kingdoms, for the moral instruction of the young. He was always projectin' around fer attractions that would work up into big printn and display the wonders of creation. Say!

"I 'member wunst he sent me to the Red Sea to fish up some chariot wheels from Faro's army that got swamped there while runnin' the childern of Israel outa the landa bawndage, as related in the booka Genesis, and I got a —— What? Oh—about the south pole. I'll tell you.

"All this fuss they had about the north pole wan't nawthin' but hawt air—ballyhoo work. Me an' three or four other reel showmen has stubbed our toes against the north pole a dozen times in the regular course o' business, an' never thought nawthin' about it.

We wan't after no north poles, but only curiosities and freaksa nacher. If the' was a curiosity up there or anywhere else, we'd just go and git it.

"I fell over it wunst, when the Old Man sent me up to capture the Windigo. I got that Windigo, too, but it escaped on the way down, an' it's loose somewhere in the north woods now. It's a kinduva cross between a Banshee an' a Peterdactyl.

" 'Nemmine, Bill,' says the old Man, when I got in and reported the loss. 'Letter go,' he says. 'I changed my mind about it,' says he, 'while you was away. I got a supply of explorers' boots fer ye,' he says, 'and you're off to the south pole to-day to capture the Peterdactyl itself. It's a stronger attraction than the Windigo, anyway,' he says ,'because the' ain't no Banshee in it an' it's got a better temper and a louder voice. Besides,' says he, 'It's bigger, and it don't cry. An' ye can cover every barn on the hull circuit with pictures of it, Bill, twicet life size,' says he, 'put up,' he says, 'with starch paste.'

"SHE WAS DISH-FACED, AN' A SIGHT, AN' SHE PULLS OFF THE MISTAKE OF HER BLUBBERY LIFE WHEN SHE COMES INTO THE FIRELIGHT TO PUT THAT ELOPEMENT PROPOSITION ACROST"

"So I overhauls my stock of explorer's boots, and went from Vancouver by sea down to South Amurricky, crossin' No Man's Land to Cape Horn, where I packs my boots and wild animile traps on dawg-sledges acrost the Straits of Magenta, jest as the ant-arc-tick winter is closin' down and the sun is sinkin' up in the north beyond the equator.

"My train is made up of hardy hillmen from the highlands of Brazil —about a hunderd o' them. About two hunderd bolo-throwers from the pampas o' Venezooela, a buncha trap-tenders from Gottemalla, and a boss cook. Explorers always eat their boots last, so when we drives on the lot on the other sida the Straits of Magenta, we gets the canvas up and cooks a messa pemmican, savin' our boots against the hardships of the south, soon to be encountered. One of the men bolos a few pen-jewins and a albatross, and after we eats, we crawls inta our sleepin'-bags, overcome with exhaustion from the long journey acrost them icy straits, and falls asleep till mornin'.

"But the' ain't no mornin'. Insteada that, it's as black as the inside of a cow, and halfa my men tries to

"AN' I UPS AN' FIRES BACK—AN' OF ALL THE SKY-SHAKIN' BELLERS I EVER HEARD, THAT WAS THE BIGGEST!"

desert, takin' parta the dawgs and sledges. I puts this down with a iern hand, as the feller says, and we penetrates the solitary voids of the ant-arc-tick cawntinent fer about a week, maybe, but you could only guess about that, it was so dark, and gettin' darker all the time.

"Well, anyhow. We comes to a little country town after we've bin on the road maybe seven or eight sleeps, and the mayor comes out to meet us. He's a little bituva fat man, an' his name is Igloo. He has a dozen of his wives an' a swarma childern with him, and what does he do but up and try to start a graft. Politics is the same, wherever you find 'em.

"He wants to collect a explorer's boot apiece fer toll on every man in my expedition, or else he'd raise the hey-reub and drive us back to where we come from. But I pulls my pocket-gun an' fetches down a flyin' penjewin, jest to show what I can do, and then he backs down and offers to let us go on if I'll give him the gun.

" 'Gun nawthin',' I says, 'but,' says I, 'I'll trade ye some chawin' tobacka fer some fresh fish,' I says.

"He grumbles a little, but finally he sends one of his hench-men fer some fish, and——Say!

"You could hear them fish a mile off. I'll betcha it was at least two years since they'd bin swimmin'. They was froze solud too, but no frost could hold *that* perfewm down. It fair bruised the climate. And whaddya think?

"He explained that they wan't fit to eat till they was that way.

" 'Anyhow,' says he, 'you don't eat the smell. And,' he says, 'they ain't got no call over the codfish you geezers up north thinks so much of.'

"And I guess he had me there. So I hands him out a slab of chawin' tobacka an' he eats it up an' calls fer more, and I give him a dozen pieces. He deals 'em out among his wives, an' they swallers them and goes loco, and begins to sing and dance like they was soused. And one o' them, a big lumpa fat, she throws her arms around me and wants to elope. Say!

"She was dish-faced, and a sight. They'd lit a fire of blubber and pine-tops, so's we can all see each other. I'm a decent married man, an' no woman on the face o' the yearth can make a monkey of me, but that one pulls off the mistake of her blubbery life when she comes into the firelight to put that elopement proposition acrost. She had a bearskin dress on,

and I guess she'd wore it longer'n the bear had, and the diet in that country bein' prinsply blubber and south pole duck, she —— Excuse me, son !

"But she thinks she's a society belle, an' she comes at me simperin'.

" 'O, you geek ! ' says she, 'if you'll gimme another hunka that there chocolate cake I'll shake this boob of a mayor right here and now, and you're it fer mine.'

"And with that she slides down on the black snow, dead to the world with the effecta that tobacka. An' that mayor ain't overlookin' nawthin'.

" 'Come over here,' says he, drawin' me aside. 'I seen ye,' he says, 'but I don't want no scandal, an' I guess we can fix things up.'

"Would you believe it, son, he tries to work the badger game on me. Puts it up that I'd bin tryin' to git that wifa his to run away with me, an' drugged her so's I could carry her off before she could come to. Offers to patch it up an' ferget it if I'll give him jest one paira boots. Then he comes down to one boot, and I'm so mad I give it to him—in the face, accordin' to jew-jitsoo; an' he went to the snow, makin' a noise like a fried sausage.

"I was sorry about that afterwards. I felt maybe I'd been too harsh with him, fer he didn't know no better, an' anyhow, he didn't git a chance to graft on a caw-casian any too often, *an'* maybe I was to blame a little fer lettin' that wife o' his talk to me at all.

"We gets outa the place when they're all asleep, and the next town we make is on the shore o' the ant-arc-tick sea. The principal industry of that town is the whale fishery. They ketch the whales fer the blubber, an' trade it fer a native liquor made by the tribes further inland. This liquor is called hoo-che-noo, and it's distilled outa Iceland moss and pine cones. The's a fight in every drop of it, and a casa jim-jams in every spoonful—fer a white man. Every village has its own distiller, and I seen one o' these distillers at another town that had pickled himself at his own still, and he fell down an' went to sleep too near the fire, and when he breathed strong towards the fire an' then snored back, his breath caught and he blew up. Sech is the evils of intemprunce, my son.

"The whales in the ant-arc-tick sea has bin discovered by the professors of ornitho-rink-thology to be identical with the Leviathan of the Deep referred to in Holy Writ. The whale that swallad Jonah was one o' them—a stray. They're so big that the natives that ketch 'em has to use common whales fer bait.

"Well, all this time I'm approachin' the hantsa the Peterdactyl.

"This strange wonder of the frozen south is about the size an' heft of a hippopotaymus, but it's very timid unless driven to bay or wownded, preferrin' usually to escape by the means nacher has provided fer that purpose. These are three in number, that is to say : It has hind legs like a kangaroo and front legs like a jack-rabbit, so that it can jump from floe to floe across the ant-arc-tick ice, or run like a scared deer over the interminable wastes of the ant-arc-tick snow. And it has web-feet which act as snow-shoes on the land, or flippers in the water, enablin' it to walk or swim with equal facilty an' ease. Also, it is a animile of the mar-soop-yal fambly, havin' a pouch in front into which it can crawl to conceal itself. And third and lastly, it has four wings, two forward and two back, composed of bone frames with leather coverin', like the hippo-griff of ancient my-thology, with which it can soar when too closely pursued, *and* which when not in use are folded neatly across its back.

"It is reemarkable fer its sten-torian voice, which resembles the appallin' sounda the savage instrument known to the natives of the South Sea Islands as the bull-roarer. The use of this voice has a double purpose, each separate *and* distinct *from* the other: to paralyze its prey, con-sistin' of penjewins, snow-gophers, and minks; and to call its mate. It never emerges from its pouch save only by the light of the Rory-Bory-Alice. And it covers its prey with saliva, and swallers it in the dark.

"We're out fer maybe a hunderd sleeps when I see the Rory-Bory-Alice

"EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE I GO OFF BY MYSELF AND HAVE A SECRET OR-JEE"

begin to flicker athwart the southern sky, and havin' provided myself with a bull-roarer, I begins to whirl it and make a noise like a Peterdactyl. And pretty soon I hears one answerin'. Cautiously approachin' in the direction of this sound and continuin' to whirl my bull-roarer at intervals, I soon makes out a dim shape acrost the snow-fields in a attitude of listenin'. Jest then the Rory-Bory-Alice flares up high, and the creacher, perceivin' me, takes to ay-eerial flight in the direction of a high colyum-like object far to the south.

"Instantly I unslings my rifle, and takin' careful aim so's not to injure it fatally, I brings it down with a shot under the left hind wing. It scrambles to its feet immejutly, and emittin' a beller that scares my followers stiff, it makes off towards that high object, and me after it. Jest as it gets to the object I fires again, and it disappears!

"I gits over there as fast as my snow-shoes can carry me, an' first thing I know I ketch my feet on sumpn and pitch forwards about thirty yards and comes down sprawlin'.

"I ain't got the black, blindin' snow outa my eyes when I find out I'm in trouble. The thing I tripped over is the Peterdactyl, and it's gittin' up and makin' a rush fer me, in a parksism of fewry.

"When it gits where I am, I ain't there. I've made a break fer that high object, to git it between me and that there Peterdactyl, and he's comin' a-snortin'. I ain't no more than run round to the far side when I find out it's comin' round after me. And — — Say!

"The Rory-Bory-Alice is a-flashin' and a-flamin' all around us, makin' the hull landscape as plain as day, and givin' me no chance to flop an' hide, ner nawthin'—and that enfewriated curiosity bellerin' with pain and rage chasin' me round and round that there colyum! We keep a-goin' fer at least two hours, till I'm in a lathera presspiration in spita the intense cold, and ready to drop—then all of a sudden I gits a inspiration.

"The colyum is perfectly smooth an' round, and I ups with my rifle by the muzzle end and whacks it flat against that rounded surface, and the force of the blow bends the rifle barrel to jest the right curve, and then I ups with the wooden end of it to my shoulder and fires back—and of all they sky-shakin' bellers that ever was, I hears the biggest! If that rifle bullet hadn't been stopped by the yieldin' flesha the Peterdactyl, it woulda caught me in the back like a flash, fer owin' to the curve o' the gun, it *had* to travel round the colyum.

"When I'd given thanks fer my miraculous escape, I stole cautiously up to the wownded creacher, but I needn't a bin so careful. All the tuck was took

out of it. It was hurt in the foreshoulder, but not dangerously, and it looked up at me with tears in its eyes. It wanted help.

"I uncoiled a rope I had with me and put a halter on its neck, and then I tended to its wownds. It was very intelligent and seemed to understand I was tryin' to do it good, but it was nervous, so't I was there with it maybe a hour or maybe two, and then, *out* winked the Rory-Bory-Alice, an' left us in the dark. An' me so turned round with bein' chased round that colyum that I had no more sense of direction that a hard-boiled egg.

"The' was nawthin' to it, only to wait fer the lights to come back, and I musta set there with that sick Peterdactyl twenty-four hours at least before they come. Then I got up and give the rope a jerk.

" 'Come along, bossy,' says I to it. 'Hoop-la !' And it feebly rose to its feet and come a little ways, an' then it stopped an' whined. I had to coax it a long while to git it to travel without pullin' back, but finally I made it, and we started north.

"Yes, my son, we started north, fer there wan't no other way to go. Whichever direction we went had to be north, because that there colyum was the south pole. Yes, indeed, son. Me and that Peterdactyl had bin chasin' round an' round the south pole itself —and all in the day's work, at that. It's a big shafta peetrified ice, about fifty foot through and a hunderd foot high.

"It musta bin about a week before we caught up with my men. They had parties out huntin' fer me. We'd a starved, too, if I hadn't come acrost a shack left by some explorer about two hundred mile from the south pole, where I found a jug of molasses and a stove and fuel—and I lived on molasses seasoned with snowballs fer three or four days' time, an' fed the Peterdactyl with it. Then I got tireda that, and prospected around until I found a boxa yella bar soap, and I shaved soma this soap into a pan of molasses and snow, an' cooked it. The Peterdactyl liked it, but I didn't —at first. After a while, though, I got so it tasted good. The Peterdactyl got stuck on it, and et so much that when the search-party found us (by the southern lights) he was a changed character—sweet, an' clean, and affectionate, so't he'd foller me round like a dawg.

"Well, anyhow. We had a big meala boots, and made procession back to the Straits of Magenta; and finally arrived at the outskurtsa civilization, jest as we had divided up our last boot and et it. I paid off my men and took ship fer home, an' delivered my Peterdactyl to the show. But—Say!

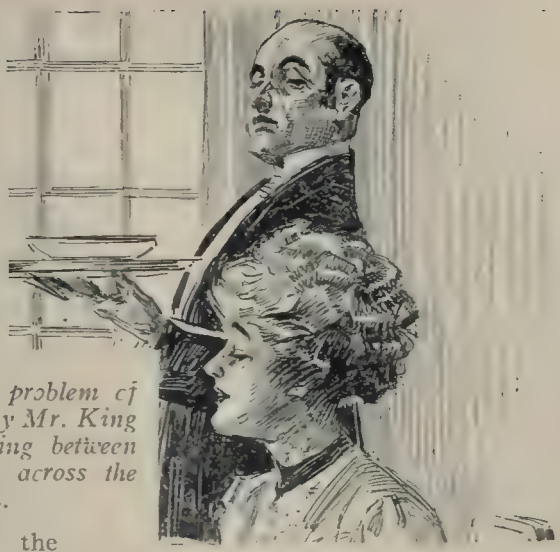
"Squeer thing, how we fawrm habits. I'd become hopelessly addicted to soap-and-molasses, and I ain't never been able to get red o' the cravin' fer that accursed stuff. Go off by myself every now an' then, even yet, with a juga molasses and a boxa soap, and have a secret or-jee. And the Peterdactyl died of it. He couldn't git his nachral food in our climate, an' he wouldn't touch nawthin' but soap and molasses, and it brought on dyspepsy, and that killed 'im jest as we was gettin' out his printn.

"And then what does these press agents do but call in the doctors to have 'im cut him open, with all the reporters present, and try to work the papers fer a stringa lies. But they overdone it. They overdone it strong. The papers cut it all out with a stickful, saying the Peterdactyl was a fake. That made me sore at first, but then I see the laff was on the press agents, and I laffed myself.

"When I was a little boy my mother learned me never to tell no lies to nobody about nawthin', and I never ain't, not since. I ain't got the makin's of no press agent in me. I hate a liar."

When Is a Servant?

By Horatio Lankford King



EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The servant problem of the United States is viewed here by Mr. King through humourous eyes. Balancing between comedy and tragedy, his problem across the line differs very little from our own.*

EVEN more important than the tariff and politics is that burning question of the present age: When is a servant? And, incidentally, I am going to prove that we, as a free and democratic people, are greater slaves to our servants than we are to the food we eat. Why fear the possibility of a wheat famine and a wholesale migration of the farmer to the cities when there is more likelihood of a general "walk-out" of the graduates of the Culinary Cult? Of what value will be the farmer and his wheat if we are deprived of the aproned gods and goddesses of the delectable pastry? Ye silly and vain-glorious people, answer me that!

Now, some of us, in fact, most of us, are deceived into thinking that a flunkey is dressed up in brass buttons and broadcloth as a badge of his docility. But put not your faith in optical illusions and domestic *mirages*—especially if you happen to live in America. For the servant is the Master, the Dictator, the Czar and Czarina of the cooking stove and the rest of man's abode.

Yes, we may be advancing in every other line of progress and mechanical invention, but in the pride of our supposed strength we have become the victims of the scholarly *valet* and the pedantic hand-maiden. The bravest tremble at the Addisonian tones of the princely butler. Behold the Frankensteins of our domesticity! Trivial as the matter may appear to the millionaire, who enjoys the sweet immunity of cash, and the sinecure who would be an independent swell—yet how many of us are impervious to the veiled insults of the slighted menial in the white shirt and sparrow jacket? And how many of us must acknowledge that at some time, or many times, in our lives an impertinent waiter has been the cause of a very bad dinner? And, granting this to be true, can we conscientiously call ourselves a free and liberty loving people? Or are we merely kings in bondage? The writer of this diatribe has suffered, both at home and abroad, the tyranny of the French *garcon* and the amazing impudence of the public servant all over Europe and in the larger cities of the United States. To say the least, the servant has become an international nuisance as well as an indispensable luxury—the *betes noires* of foreign travel. And in America we are beginning to find the same conditions which we so greatly deplore when abroad. America! the new home of exported and tyrannical menials and—snobbery! Away back during the Middle Ages tipping was first introduced as a means of buying temporary prestige by the "humble but moneyed gentry of trade." To-day it is the middle class who do most of the tipping in England. It is

through the generous tipping of servants that the *near elite* hope to bridge the social gulf. In America tipping has become a national mania without sense of well-defined purpose—if it is not to purchase a few minutes' peace.

But, of course, one must travel quite a bit before the immensity of this nuisance and national offense gradually assumes true proportions in our consciousness. The old saying, or supposition, that Americans are a long-suffering race is very true, indeed. We pay more for our servants and get less service from them. The men and women who make a yearly trip to the mountains or the seaside, because of their seeming readiness to meet with the constant demands of predatory servants on their pocket-books, are rarely tempted to accept the role of "kicker," for they seem to accept this added expense as a part of their yearly outing. But let us view the matter from another side. Suppose you are largely dependent on the dining-car and hotel for your food three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Or, suppose you make as many as three "tours" within a year, as a great number of Americans do. And suppose you are called upon to tip the waiter every time you sit down to a different table, which is generally the case, even though you may have been a guest of that hotel or *cafe* for a week. And suppose, not being a multi-millionaire or a second Crœsus, you rebel and have the temerity to read the riot act to the proprietor—what would be the result?

Gentle reader, I shudder to think of the results. Had you a pair of biceps as sinuous and mighty as those of Ajax himself, yet would I fain write your pathetic epitaph. Willingly would I strew your grave with the garlands of my admiration. Tenderly would I proclaim to the world: Here lies a brave man, a man who perished for a noble cause—but yet, 'tis sweeter to live and dine now and then like a true gentleman than to die of starvation. Or, supposing again, being a moderately stingy person, you must necessarily limit your tipping to the paltry sum of fifteen to twenty-five cents a meal. This amount, cast at the feet of our tutelary gods of the sparrow jacket in the "swell" *cafe*, would, of course, only have the reverse effect of bringing one into the scorching glare of the outraged deity. To escape further malediction, one must hastily empty his purse and permit the scornful flunkey to pick the dollars and halves from the heap. You may then meekly pocket the remainder and reasonably expect to be addressed in a civil tone. You can also expect to get a fairly good *fiambre*, a well-turned porterhouse or whatever on the bill of fare meets with your delectation. But, as I was going to say, supposing you limited your tips from fifteen to twenty-five cents a meal. Multiply by twenty cents as your common average, three times three hundred and sixty-five times, and you reach a total of $219 per year, enough to buy a piano for the daughter or send the boy off to a boarding-school. And this is the price you pay for being allowed to retain your self respect! And this amount, if you are travelling abroad, or from point to point, does not include tips to porters, bell hops, flunkies, chambermaids—and, if you happen to be in the southern countries of Europe, the proprietor himself, whose educated taste runs to gold francs and pound notes. Such a tip extended to a dignitary is called a *macaroni*, a gift, a dispensation.

Now that the turmoil of "doing" Europe is over, and I am again safe at home, I can look back over the dizzy paths of my wanderings as a tyro, and the mystery of some mishaps dissolves as dew before the sun. Why? Listen and you will hear. Had I adjudged every other person in Europe in public service, on trains or trams, highways, in hotels, gardens, parks, museums, art galleries, theatres and *bierhalles* not above accepting a tip, I probably would have seen more than I actually did, and enjoyed more of the smaller comforts of travel, as certainly I would have been the recipient of many more absent honors. In Germany they will crown you for a mark. In Italy they will make you feel like an escalloped oyster if you do not contribute liberally to that organization known as the Flunkey's Trust, of

which half the population are members. In Switzerland they will "yodel" you into the wee hours of morn unless you liberally tip the entire musical staff of servants at a mountain hostelry. Everywhere the haunted tourist may flee he is met with the extended and open palm, the suave and smirking smile, the glowering command, the cry of *backsheesh*. So incessant is this systematic assault on your purse that when you finally arrive at the shrine of the Apollo Belvedere, in habit will you shy from the outstretched arms of that beauteous lad and utter, "Et tu, Brute?" And what thanks do you get? Better service? Emphatically *no*. They may give us a hypocritical genuflection, take our money with an aristocratic air of boredom, then, when we are gone, they hang us in effigy.

But it is not in Europe alone that the servant question has assumed a serious phase. In fact, it is in the United States that we find ourselves stalked by a peculiar and puzzling Nemesis. In Europe it is the public "servant" who is the fly in the ointment. Here, in America, we have our domestic difficulties as well. In America we are confronted by a "ticklish" condition singularly vital in its consequences because of our democratic leniencies on all pertinent and personal affairs of life. We have cultivated the confusing habit of treating most things as a joke —to be corrected later or ignored entirely, from the discovery of the North Pole to the proper use of a white tie and Prince Albert coat. Yet, at the same time, the mere tendency to call a spade something else other than a farming implement does not do away with the perils of an indifferent attitude. Or, as an Englishman said to me: You Americans are not socially a compact force, but extremely erratic, therefore socially unreliable. But regardless of the Britisher's opinions of us, and certain erratic peculiarities, we are not indifferent by nature. To the contrary, we are like the two Irishmen floating about the turbulent bosom of the Atlantic on a piece of mast. One suggested praying for Divine succor. "But, faith, and won't we have to wait, anyway?" replied the second.

And we are "waiting" about the servant problem in America, though meanwhile the shallows are widening. Not long ago I was informed by a California lady that the members of her family were actually compelled to add "Mr." to the given name of their Jap butler, else be deprived of his valuable services as a menial in their household. The "Mr." was omitted, of course, and they lost their Jap. And I know of Southern people who taboo all references to the negro question in or near the presence of the younger generation of blacks for fear they may take offense and leave. "They are shiftless enough," is the common excuse, "but I certainly would hate to be without servants entirely!" In Washington I know of a man who doubled the salary of his cook in order to retain his august services as chief dispenser in his kitchen. One day his wife called him up at his office by telephone. She was frantic. She excitedly informed him that Henry had given notice that he was going to leave. Result: husband spent the greater part of the day absent from his own business trying to mollify the tyrannical lord of the spoon. "If he had been my secretary," said this gentleman hotly, "I would have let the rascal go." Likewise was this man's wife compelled to give jewellery and gowns to her maid as a sort of extra fee. "You see, we brought her over here from France, and America has turned her head. She might run away and get married any day, for she is exceptionally nice-looking."

In England the domestic servant is by far a more orderly and valuable adjunct to the home. Moreover, the English servant is an adept at his vocation. The English butler, generally the presiding viceroy of the establishment, is a sort of human thermos bottle offsetting the mercurial changes in the temperatures of the servant's pantry. The average Englishman would as lief interfere with the affairs of the Cabinet as to brave this flunkey plenipotentiary in his own fastnesses. But it is an inherited trait of the English servant to serve and to serve well and with dignity. In America the

average servant is a slattern in comparison, and often a fussy and contentious mortal in the bargain. In England, the "servant joke," so common in the American "funny-papers," is not understood. "Fancy such a thing!" says the systematic Englishman. "Really, does the American always sacrifice the truth for the sake of a bally joke——or did Jones really go home to be told that his wife had been knocked out by Bridget and sent to the hospital, and wishing to remonstrate with Bridget for such unseeming conduct, he, Jones, was carried away in an ambulance himself? Really, now! And didn't they send the noisy person to Scotland Yard or somewhere for moral correction?"

I have seen an Englishman walk past a row of smirking servants and under-hire in a *cafe* without as much as batting an eye. And as a vivid contrast to the first scene, I have witnessed a terrified American hand over his entire supply of silver in order to bolster up the illusion that he is a brave and fearless man—and no snob! And the minute he was outside he lights a cigar, smiles complacently upon the world, and later writes home and tells his friends what mollycoddles the best of Englishmen are! Why, an Englishman will actually run from a Jack-in-a-white-apron! They are afraid to look a waiter in the eye when the fellow stares straight at them! And he goes on to relate how he saw another Lord Somebody tip a waiter a sum equivalent to ten cents, and the waiter scraped the floor with his hands and said:

"Thank you, milord. Hi will buy an automobile with this."

"Fancy a chap buying an automobile with 'alf a shilling!" ejaculates the lordly person.

You see, the American tyro goes on to explain in his glowing and patriotic epistle, neither of these fellows could understand a joke.

So I contend that it is in America that the servant threatens to become the master of the situation. Not long ago our tenderest sensibilities were somewhat shocked when we read in the papers that an ex-governor of one of our middle states had manhandled a servant on a train for his impudence. The writer came near being picturesquely ejected from a restaurant himself for once daring to suggest that his steak was not sufficiently cooked to suit his taste. Since then I have carefully guarded and ramified my speech in the softest syllogisms. It pays in the end. In fact, it always pays to simply pay, no matter what the price.

That ancient custom still extant in England which demands that a servant possess the best of credentials—or, as they express it ordinarily, "characters," before he or she is admitted into a household, does not hold in America. If a servant resigns, or some day fails to appear to cook George's breakfast, we immediately advertise for another, and generally accept the first person who answers our cry of distress. In England, if a servant finds himself or herself out of employment, they are at the mercy of the intelligence bureaus, institutions which demand the most rigid examinations of their past, capability, deportment, health, birth, etc. But the writer, for one, would not convey the impression that he sanctions the English system in its entirety, but it certainly is a vast improvement over our erratic and unreliable methods in America. As a nation, we simply do not know what a good servant is. Neither do we impress upon our servants by code the absolute necessity of their being reliable, just as the American business man, by contrast, demands that the clerks in his employ have an unblemished record for honesty and good work. The Englishman, as a rule, would not think of going abroad or away from home without his beloved letter of credit, for such matters of reference are the signs of his gentility. And the same requisites are demanded of the servant. The servant is either good or bad, and if he is a bad one he lends but little honor to his calling. But the good and capable servant is as proud of his credentials as the Englishman is of his lineage. I remember an instance in which a trusted servant was found guilty of

a theft of money. He was discharged, of course, but his employer did not have the fellow arrested because it would have ruined his character, and without his "character" he would not have been able to procure another position. It becomes a knotty subject when you question the ethics of this, but the underlying principle is not bad. For such a custom tends rather to ennoble even the humble role of an English serving man. He has either the opportunity of making himself a desirable person, or if he chooses disgrace and a bad character, he is like unto the majority of our servants in America who have nothing at all with which to prove their claims to respect. Certainly the American servant is an obstreperous mortal and an untechnical one, besides.

There is now a law in England which makes the giving and accepting of "tips" a penalty, but it has not been effectual, for the remedy lies with the honesty of the man who employs the waiter alone. If the employer would pay his servants better salaries the servants would have no excuse to insult the "stingy" patron. Indeed, it might be preferable by far to be openly charged so much for the services of a waiter and to have the amount charged on the regular bill. It would at least help to show the patron just how much he is expected to contribute to the support of the establishment. It might also serve as a protection from sly insults and that embarrassing form of low innuendo of which the average waiter in the *cafes* and hotels of the East is an expert. Legislation alone cannot eliminate the evil, but legislation will help in protecting the patron from brazen insult and even—violence. But what the servants will do to the innocent diner back in the kitchen harbors of witches' brew and poison. Woe unto the man who has not a cup-bearer, or knows not the difference between a burnt omelette and a *souffle*. Woe unto the confiding nature of the hungry populace when the furious Frenchman begins to sling his hellish alchemy behind the swinging doors that hide the kitchen from the victim's gaze. Woe unto a nation of heretics! Woe unto the defamers of the Holy Chef! Insulters of the Culinary Art! Revenge belongs to the waiter with the Emperor William mustache, the gum shoes, the mushy smile, the reinforced nerve and the insinuating airs. Revenge is surely his, for what do these vulgar, these *gauche* Americans know about cooking? Bah! A shrug. *Sacre!* Another shrug. *Caramba!*

But, says the suave hotel proprietor, or the *restaurateur*, it is not the waiter's fault, but the people. Always remember that whatever happens it's the patron's fault. Why, my dear sir, what keeps me busy is charging *enough*, not less! The American wants to pay more. He thinks it is the proper thing. That is the way he gets rid of his surplus cash.

And you ask: But what about the many sensible people who have no desire to "show off"? What about the gentleman and the lady who like to come to your place and enjoy a good dinner and are willing to pay well for that dinner, as they do, but he or she is not willing to meet the predatory demands of your insolent servants—— I say, *why* are such people made to feel that they have committed a crime, and insulted by a dressed-up menial, to boot? If a waiter is a mercenary fellow, will he discriminate? Most certainly he will not. For every man and woman who enters your portals is his victim. And if they fail to tip your waiters—what happens? The next time they come they are slighted, there is always something wrong with the food, delays, overcharges—not to mention the veiled sneers of the shameless rascal who is waiting on you much to the hilarity of the unseen audience of his conspirators in the rear. But, withal, the insulting waiter cuts about as manly a figure as the fawning and smirking one who somehow has received the telepathic message in his sordid being that some "sporty" chap is going to tip him a dollar.

So the chorus is: Come clean! Hand over! It's a part of the waiter's lodge yell. We want a twenty-five per cent. interest above house charges. So get lubricated!

The Lady of the Gentle Heart

By Madge Macbeth

With photographs by the author

EVEN upon a dull, gloomy day, Lady Laurier's drawing room was bright and cheerful, glowing softly with a hint of old rose, offset with just a touch of gold here and there. The tapestried furniture well might glow with an air of conscious pride, realizing the sum of money which was transferred from the Premier's hands to Maple's London cash box, but ostentation of any sort is unknown in Sir Wilfrid's home. Even the magnificent Angoras do not stand in awe of Maple's furniture; they merely show their preference for it above the smooth leather variety across the hall in the living room by constantly sharpening their claws thereon !

I had hardly seated myself when one of these Stygian-black monsters darted into the room and jumped up in my lap. Closely following Pussy's riotous entrance, came Lady Laurier —quiet, dignified, gracious, with a helping hand extended no matter what the cost. It has been said that, notwithstanding her eminently practical side, she is as putty in the hands of those who seek assistance—she does not know how to refuse a request. And realizing that Sir Wilfrid is made of sterner stuff, many canny persons go to his wife with their sad tales of misfortune, trusting her to wheedle the Premier into doing something for them. He usually does it—not for them, but for her.

"There are so many people who need help," Lady Laurier once said to me, "it is hard not to be able to do even a little for each one," a gigantic undertaking she tries to perform.

One of her few intimate friends told me lately that every month a host of dependents wait at the Laurier home for their regular allowance, and they always get it ! There are old Arthabascans who have met with misfortune, and have applied to the Premier's wife for positions in the Government, though totally unfit for any service; and rather than know that they were in want, she pays their board and lodging while they wait for the "vacancy" which will never come.

"She does more unknown charity than any three people in Ottawa," said the friend. "I have heard it said, 'The Lauriers do not entertain much.' Why, they are *always* entertaining ! Their house is a regular asylum for those who practically have no other home. The reason you never hear of it is that Lady Laurier entertains for the benefit of her guests, not for the pleasure of those to whom a dinner is a bore, and a reception a punishment."

In appearance Lady Laurier is large, rather under the average height, and slow of movement and gesture. Perhaps the French vivacity has been sapped by her extreme suffering; at any rate, she seems to evince but slight interest in passing events, although her sympathies are often keenly aroused. She has white hair, soft and slightly wavy, her eyes are blue and fairly large; she has pretty white hands, and is fond of jewelry, also bright colors; from observation I should say that black is not a favorite of hers, though most becoming; her accent is decidedly foreign, but her English very good. Her manner is gentle almost to a fault. She does not *impress* one, and the contrast between her and Sir Wilfrid is most marked. One feels the Premier in the atmosphere, but only after seeing Lady Laurier several times would one be struck by her *negative* force.

I spoke of her ill-health which has made a great difference in both her public and private life these last two years.

"Yes," she answered, "I have been very miserable, but this winter promises to be better than last. Until this illness" (acute rheumatism) "I had never known a sick day in my life; so"—with a characteristic French shrug—"what would you ?"

Probably Lady Laurier's active life is the primary cause of her ill health. She never saved herself, she never stopped in her continuous round of social duties; when everyone else was too tired or too busy to attend this or that, she was sure to be ready for it; and after appearing at functions which were a necessary part of her position, she would gather around her some especial friends for a "quiet evening at home" over the bridge table, so that her mornings, afternoons and evenings were crowded with engagements. Then, too, she has always stood between Sir Wilfrid and overexertion whenever such a thing was possible, for he has never been a strong man; and this caring for him added to her social duties. Many times when guests have been at the Premier's home particularly to see him, he has excused himself, retired to the library for an hour, then gone peacefully to bed, leaving the brunt of entertaining on his wife's shoulders.

I asked Lady Laurier whether she minded posing for me—an amateur photographer, who would not ask her to turn her face a little more to the light, lift her chin—so—and try to look pleasant.

For the first time she laughed.

"Oh, I don't mind now," she said. "I did not like being bothered by photographers all the time, for they were never satisfied. But I am not a very good subject for you, I am afraid"—which was a groundless fear, and only went to prove that she had not made as careful a study of the kodak as of cats and dogs !

Without a trace of feminine vanity or a bit of fussing, Lady Laurier sat down and asked if she would do.

"It hurts me to move," she said. "I have to grow lazy like Koso," who this moment waddled nonchalantly into the room.

"How he has grown !" I exclaimed, for five years ago the little Japanese Koso (boy) was just the proper thing in the way of a sleeve dog. Now even the strongest kimono would resent such a weight.

"Oh, but yes, he is too fat," asseuted his mistress complacently, "he needs

KOSO
"*Le bon ange*" of the Laurier family

more exercise—he is lazy. He is just like a baby," she went on, affectionately, "we have to wash him and comb him and cut up his food, yes, and we give him medicine when he is sick. He takes it quite well, too. They are

a trouble, these dogs—but very nice."

"I believe you spoil him!"

"But certainly, we spoil him, and make him lazy and fat. Yes, yes, you are too fat, eh, my little Koso?"

Thus addressed, the dog who recently had his portrait painted by an Arthabasca artist (a protegé of Lady Laurier's) turned a careless face in our direction, allowing his brilliant little tongue to loll out of the opposite side of his mouth, and wheezing all the while like a grampus.

The cat, jealous by nature, flew to her mistress and made insidious, feline overtures, throwing Koso's unresponsive attitude into high relief.

"Do they never quarrel?" I asked.

"Never!" was the positive reply. "Everyone is peaceful in this house — dogs, cats, birds and human beings."*

Pets are a mania with Lady Laurier —she has a stuffed bird in a cage, a silent reminder of its former cheerful self. She has dogs, cats and live birds. They make as much work for the servants as a large family of children.

When waiting for Lady Laurier to sit a second time for her photos—the cat had spoiled most of the first lot, by dashing playfully about the room, or jumping at her mistress just as I had the shutter open—the maid came in, carrying an armful of handsome sofa cushions.

"We are kept busy changing these covers," she volunteered.

"Yes," I said, "people are very inconsiderate."

"'Tain't the people," she answered, "it's the dogs and cats. She"—with a backward jerk of her head in the direction of the stairs—"just loves them, though."

A rather funny story is told by a young mother who was calling at a house where Lady Laurier was also paying a visit. After an unusually short stay, the mother rose and pleaded her boy as an excuse for leaving. "I *must* get back to that young man of mine," she said, with conscious pride.

Lady Laurier rose, too.

"I must go now, also," she said. "I have that same trouble —with my dogs, you know," she added, much to the young mother's secret indignation.

Lady Laurier was Mlle. Zoe La Fontaine, of Arthabasca. Her father did not make a very comfortable living, so when quite a young girl she supported her mother, an invalid, by giving music lessons. After her mother's death, her father married again, and while there were never anything but peaceful relations in the family, naturally, the young Mlle. La Fontaine was not as happy in her home as formerly. She married Wilfrid Laurier, a rising Arthabascan, in 1868, and in 1871 they went to Quebec. Three years later they came to Ottawa.

"When you were engaged, did you not realize that you were marrying a great man—did something not breathe to you a whisper of the place you both were to hold in Canadian history?" I put the question, expecting an affirmative answer.

"Never!" was the emphatic reply. "I never thought of anything of the sort. Of course, I have always thought him clever, and I have always found

BROUGHT TO BAY AT LAST

To get this photograph "everybody worked but Pussy." Lady Laurier coaxed, Mlle. Coutu and the maid called, and Mrs. Macbeth, to quote her own words, "careered like a lunatic upstairs and downstairs and even in my lady's chamber, finally rounding up the refractory animal—in the bathroom"

*Since writing the above a new dog has been added to the household, and the atmosphere is not quite as peaceful as formerly.

IT IS ON THESE BEAUTIFUL TAPESTRIED CHAIRS THAT THE ANGORAS LOVE TO SHARPEN THEIR CLAWS. THE CABINET IN THE BACKGROUND IS FILLED WITH TREASURES FROM MANY LANDS

him very nice" (note the French manner of placing "have" in the verbs), "I have always found him very good" —there is a fascinating slowness, a sort of drawl in Lady Laurier's speech, which, with her accent, makes it a delight to listen to her and enhances the value of every word—"but ——"

The sentence was never finished save for a reminiscent smile and a faraway look which gave me a better insight than mere words could have done into the feminine heart of the Premier's wife.

And another hint of femininity is given in the following story :

After some time spent in that delightful realm known as Lovers' Paradise, Mlle. La Fontaine sent for her fiancé and told him that her parents looked for a consummation of the happy event shortly, else her hand would be given in marriage to an ubiquitous rival.

How many times before has, and how many more times will, the same idea occur to the astute daughters of Eve ?

They were married within the moon !

When the Lauriers came to Ottawa they lived at the Russell House. Fourteen years ago the Liberal party presented them with their present home. One is not awed upon entering the door, rather is one surrounded with an atmosphere of hospitality and welcome, whether friend or stranger, rich or poor, guest or suppliant. On the left of the hall-way is the living or sitting room, a photo of which is here given, Sir Wilfrid has a pianola here, upon which he is very fond of playing. A card table in the centre, an easy chair in the bay window, where are also some plants and growing flowers, a leather cozy corner surmounted by a plate rail—these form the main furnishings for the room. Across the hall is the long drawing room, furnished mostly by Maple; a huge glass-enclosed cabinet, small Vernis-Martin ones, a pair of handsome marble pedestals, a piano, various tables upon which flowers always stand, and the pets—this gives

THE LAURIER LIVING-ROOM
The handsome piece of Oriental embroidery covers the back of the pianola upon which Sir Wilfrid delights in playing. The cage contains Lady Laurier's stuffed bird

one a general idea of the drawing room.

The dining room is just beyond a pair of glass doors, but these are kept closed for ordinary purposes, and a handsome table is placed before them, except on state occasions. The dining room bears no especial mark of distinction, though the butler assured me that I could not get any idea how lovely it could look until I had seen the table set for a dinner.

The stairway is broad and rather steep. Half way up to the second floor hangs a life-sized portrait of Sir Wilfrid. Lady Laurier deplored the fact that they had never been able to find a better place for it, or one where it could have the advantage of a better light.

At the head of this stairway is arranged a cozy little place furnished with a desk and all its requirements for Lady Laurier's secretary, Mlle. Yvonne Coutu. A desk 'phone, a drop light, and everything calculated to make writing a pleasure is here for her use. Passing along the square hallway to the front is the library, next Lady Laurier's own room, Sir Wilfrid's across the hall, and guest rooms further on. A small passage leads to the back of the house.

The impression is one of comfort—not grandeur; there is also an air of delightful informality which strikes the visitor's notice. For instance, the new dog ran into the drawing room, where he began a playful altercation with the cat, ending somewhat ingloriously for the dog. Instead of ringing, or asking her willing guest to get help, Lady Laurier went herself to the door and called the butler. "Come here," she said, "your little dog is in trouble!"

Although Sir Wilfrid's politics are Liberal, his private life is conservative, and his wife, either from association or training, has become imbued with his principles. She has never allowed herself to be identified with any faction

or clique; she has never taken advantage of her superior position at the expense of others. An eye, or shall we say, an ear witness told me lately that he had often noted the way in which Sir Wilfrid turned the point of a story from its intended end, whenever it seemed to savor of gossip or harmless ridicule. But this was years ago, when such a reminder was perhaps necessary according to his way of thinking. However, even now, personalities are taboo in the Laurier drawing room, and if the conversation turns in those channels the master of the house deftly takes the edge off a good story in his own inimitable way, leaving friends and family proud of his cleverness and admiring of his methods.

There may be those who would say that Lady Laurier has not a strong personality. She has not a corps of blind worshippers, 'tis true, neither has she, to my knowledge, an enemy. I have never heard an unkind word said about her. Maybe she has not shone internationally as others might, but she has made no mistakes at home. She has always been the gracious complement, the feminized echo of her husband. And I left her house as people always do, whether it is after an evening of bridge (of which she is very fond), a musicale, or a dinner, with the feeling that I had a genuine personal friend in the wife of Canada's Premier.

THE EXPLORER

BY KATHLEEN BOWKER

HERE, in the day-long dark, I sit,
And see no sign of dawn in it.
Around my camp, the northern lights
Flame upward, through the Arctic nights—
The north-wind lays his piercing breath
Upon me, like the kiss of death.
This winter-woven, spin-drift snow
Seems warmer than the earth below—
And over all, the frozen stars
Shine sharp—like icy prison-bars.

Yet this chill world is not so cold,
Nor this waste place so desolate,
As the strange gift I wrest from fate—
These thoughts—that in my heart I hold.

The Firebrand

BY
ARTHUR STRINGER
AUTHOR OF "THE WIRETAPPERS," "THE GUN-RUNNER", ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY
PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

OTTO SCHNAUBELT—*The firebrand, a white-faced young Anarchist of twenty-seven, with the gift of oratory and a touch of the deliriant. Being half Polish and half Bavarian by birth, he speaks with a slight accent, and has the fluency of the bi-linguist as well as the fire of the prophet. His body is slight, his hair is dark and long, and his entire figure, when not in action, is pathetic.*

PHILIP DRYSTER—*A Wall Street capitalist of forty-eight. Large and heavy of figure, he suggests both power and pomposity. His clean-shaven face, though puffy, is a fighter's face. He is quite grey at the temples, but his well-groomed figure discounts the impression of old age.*

LOUISE DRYSTER—*His young wife, of twenty-four or twenty-five. She is a beautiful woman, used to luxury, and a typical product of her environment, yet with a strong streak of innate practicality, and not above using her personal charm for the attainment of personal ends. Blonde.*

OLGA NIKITA—*A Russian "Red" refugee, about the same age as Louise, but dark, passionate and self-reliant. She is in love with Otto. Her intellectuality places her above her "Terrorist" companions, but she, like Otto, has a touch of the deliriant. Thin-faced.*

ROCHETTE, SCHMIDT, TODARO, WATCHEL—*Anarchists and members of the Inner Circle, all hungry-eyed, unkempt; over-garrulous, and not especially savory-looking aggregation of conglomerate nationalities.*

NIKOFF—*Called "Peg-Leg," having lost a limb in a Continental bomb-outrage. He is the oldest of the band, is an opium-eater, and his ostensible vocation is that of street-musician, playing the concertina.*

DOYLE—*Philip Dryster's confidential agent, a calm-eyed, alert-moving, secretarial man of about thirty, retaining his business-like aspect even in moments of excitement.*

ENGLISH BUTLER and FOOTMAN—*In the employ of the Drysters at their Long Island country home.*

SYNOPSIS.

A band of Nihilists draw lots to see who will blow up with a bomb Philip Dryster, the "Wheat King," and the choice falls on Otto Schnaubelt, their leader. He is foiled in his attempt to kill Dryster, and by the suggestion of Mrs. Dryster, agrees to stay in their home as a guest for a week to see if the anarchist and the millionaire cannot reach some common ground of understanding. Dryster promises not to make any moves during this time, but breaking his

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promise, secretly arranges to deport the band of Nihilists to Europe. Meantime, Mrs. Dryster proceeds to make a "tame robin" of Otto, who adapts himself to this new life with surprising ease. Philip has all of Otto's band arrested preparatory to deporting them, except Nikoff, who has been delegated by the Inner Circle to kill Otto as an apostate to the Cause. Olga is brought to Philip's study by Doyle, and tells Philip that she has come to warn Otto. Philip comes upon Louise caressing Otto and believes she is in love with him. In the midst of a scene between Otto and Philip, Nikoff enters and tries to shoot Otto. Olga throws herself before him, and receives the bullet.

ACT IV.

TIME :—Late afternoon of the same day. SCENE :—The rose arbor in the garden of Philip Dryster's Long Island home. On one side the lawn slopes step by step up to the porte cochere of the house itself; on the other side it falls away towards the blue waters of the Sound, which can be seen in the distance. In the foreground stands a sun-dial. Shade-trees and shrubbery, flower-parterres and Tuscan vases, add to the formal beauty of the scene. As the act progresses the light slowly diminishes, and from time to time a bird whistles out of the shrubbery in the background. Philip is discovered pacing up and down in deep thought. He stands for a moment gazing out at the sunlit Sound, when Doyle, in motor-cap and dust-coat, comes hurriedly down the garden path. Philip looks about rather wearily as the other comes to a stop before him.

PHILIP : Could you get rid of those reporters ?

DOYLE (*With a nod of assent*) : I promised them a signed statement by two o'clock to-morrow. (*Pregnantly*) And the boat sails at twelve.

PHILIP : And that's all they got ?

DOYLE (*Hesitatingly*): I thought it best to contradict a report that you had committed suicide.

PHILIP (*Wearily*) : Thank you, Doyle.

DOYLE : And a rumor that Mrs. Dryster was giving a dinner at two hundred dollars a plate to-night.

PHILIP (*With a wan smile*): Thank you, Doyle.

DOYLE : And an intimation that your second footman died of an apoplectic stroke from over-eating.

PHILIP : Thank you, again, Doyle. (*Wearily*) I guess we've had about enough for one day.

DOYLE : It's been a terrible day, sir.

PHILIP (*Shortly*): It's been a terrible *week*.

DOYLE (*Reluctantly, yet forcing himself to it*): I'm afraid the worst is still to come, sir.

PHILIP (*Quickly*): What is it ?

DOYLE : I've brought rather bad news from the City.

PHILIP (*As he hesitates*): Well ? What is it ?

DOYLE : The market's turned, sir.

PHILIP (*As though he had expected a closer blow*): That's a habit markets have, Doyle. The tighter you squeeze 'em, the more they squirm. I've never yet seen a high market that wasn't a regular hell-bender.

DOYLE : But it's more than a turn —it's a collapse.

PHILIP : That's impossible.

DOYLE : Scanlon did the best he could, sir. But he couldn't hold them together. He couldn't keep it up—by himself. The corner's broken.

PHILIP (*Stubbornly*): They *can't* break that corner.

DOYLE : I'm afraid it's done, sir. The Exchange closed with a drop of forty points. July wheat went down to 80. In Chicago, to 77.

PHILIP (*Fiercely*): What's Scanlon been doing ?

DOYLE : Everything he could. But they were too much for him. He said he tried all morning to get you.

PHILIP : Why, that's a rout. July Wheat down to 77 ! (*He drops back a step or two, a little dazed*). A drop of forty points ! (*He looks about him, with a ghost of a laugh*). So they'll get cheap bread again. And for a while now they'll feed on *me !*

DOYLE : Scanlon says you should have been there.

PHILIP : How could I be there ? Haven't I had enough to face, right here ?

DOYLE : I know it's been hard, sir, having a thing like this hanging

over you. And I'm glad it's no worse. (*Hesitatingly*) How's the young lady getting along, sir ?

PHILIP (*After a moment's silence*): They say she rallied well, after the anæsthetic. They got the bullet out, but it's an ugly wound, an ugly wound. (*He paces back and forth*). It's a comfort to know we've got the best surgeon in the country up there with her.

DOYLE : Will she live, then ?

PHILIP : He says so. He keeps telling me it's only a matter of time and care.

DOYLE (*A little puzzled at the other's concern*): And how about the fire-eater ?

PHILIP : He's up there eating his heart out. He's been at that girl's side every moment of the time. He seems to blame himself for everything that's happened.

DOYLE (*Curtly*): I wouldn't call him so far wrong ! (*More intimately*) But I call it wonderful, sir, a girl like that being ready to give up her life for an empty-headed Anarchist, for a Socialist spell-binder with nothing more than the gift of the gab !

PHILIP (*With a new solemnity*): I'm beginning to wonder, Doyle, if he hasn't something more in him than the gift of the gab, as you call it.

DOYLE (*Shortly*): What ?

PHILIP : I'm beginning to wonder if we wouldn't all cry out if life shut down and squeezed us that hard.

DOYLE (*Resenting the emotional note*): I'm afraid it's our turn to get some of the squeeze.

PHILIP (*Coldly, plainly resenting the other's flippancy*): Are you ?

DOYLE : We must, sir, if Scanlon's given up. We can't help it, if Morrison and the rest of those bears have shaken the life out of our whole movement.

PHILIP (*Now startled into more active attention*): Has Scanlon *given up ?*

DOYLE : That's all he could do, sir. They broke him.

PHILIP (*Starting up*): But, by Heaven, they haven't broken *me*. They haven't put me under yet. And before they do I'm going to give them the fight of their life. (*He swings peremptorily about on the other man*). Doyle, get out the car. We've got to get to the City. Ring up Scanlon's house on the long-distance and have him at the office inside of an hour. And get Kendrick and Morgan and Lorimer.

DOYLE (*Deprecatingly consulting his watch*): After the market's closed, sir ?

PHILIP : What's the market got to do with it ? To-morrow's not closed. The world hasn't ended, has it ? (*Belligerently*) We've got to stop that raid. We've got to fight 'em, every inch. And if we can't check them and hold them, we've got to save what we can from the ruins.

DOYLE (*Hesitatingly*): But do you think——

PHILIP (*Cutting in on him*): This is no time for thinking. It's time to *act*. I've got to get those wires busy. I've got to get collateral. I've got to get our men lined up. (*Determinedly, as Doyle hurries away*) I've got to check that Morrison raid.

(*As he turns and struggles into his overcoat, Louise, who has entered by the garden path, steps still nearer. She stands and looks at him, silent and wistful.*)

LOUISE : Philip !

(*He does not answer her. He buttons his coat with the fierceness of a knight donning armor*).

LOUISE : Philip, where are you going ?

PHILIP (*Turning on her and staring at her*): I'm going to do the only thing I'm any good for. I'm going to fight for what's left of my fortune.

LOUISE (*Quietly*): Your fortune must mean a great deal to you.

PHILIP : It means no more to me than it does to you. But I've got to fight for it, for this home of yours, for everything you've got here, for your bread and butter.

LOUISE (*Amazed at his words*): Why do you say that ?

PHILIP : Because I'm not going to make the mess of my *work* I seem to have made of everything around here. (*More bitterly still*) I don't want to spoil your day, but they've broken my market, they've wiped me out,

they've put me where a bread-riot won't affect my sleep.

LOUISE (*Sorrowfully, as she gazes at him*): Spoil my day!

PHILIP: Yes, it's your day. It's been your week. I'm through with it. I wash my hands of the whole thing.

LOUISE (*Choking back a sob*): What have I done?

PHILIP: I don't want to think of it. I can't.

LOUISE: What must you think of?

PHILIP: Of the thing that counts — Of what I've got to face in the City.

LOUISE: And I will stay here—among the things that don't count? (*She turns away to hide the tears that have come to her eyes*).

PHILIP: It's all I'm good for!

LOUISE (*Stricken by the bitterness in his voice*): Bunny!

PHILIP (*Miserably*): We've learned a lot in this last seven days.

LOUISE (*Not daring to look at him*): I don't think we've learned what we ought to have learned.

PHILIP (*With the utter unhappiness of self-pity*): Good God, it's cost enough.

LOUISE (*Brokenly*): Yes it's cost enough.

PHILIP (*With the valor of despair, turning away*): Well, I can pay what I've got to.

LOUISE (*Calling wistfully after him*): Bunny!

(*He stops, and slowly turns and faces her. But the space between them remains the same. Yet his face is heavy with misery. He does not trust himself to speak. He turns away again as a sob shakes her body. She controls herself with difficulty*).

LOUISE: I suppose—it's best.

PHILIP (*Absently*): Yes; it's best.

LOUISE (*With bowed head*): It's so different—from what I thought—(*She is unable to go on. He looks up at her. He checks an impulse to step closer to her, apparently determined to concede nothing*).

"I'VE BEEN *such* A FOOL, BUNNY!"

PHILIP (*Dejectedly*): To what we both thought!

LOUISE (*Still brokenly*): You—you are going—that way?

PHILIP: Isn't the only way for me to go?

LOUISE (*Unable to hide her tears*): I know. (*She slowly moves her averted head up and down*). Since you feel that way.

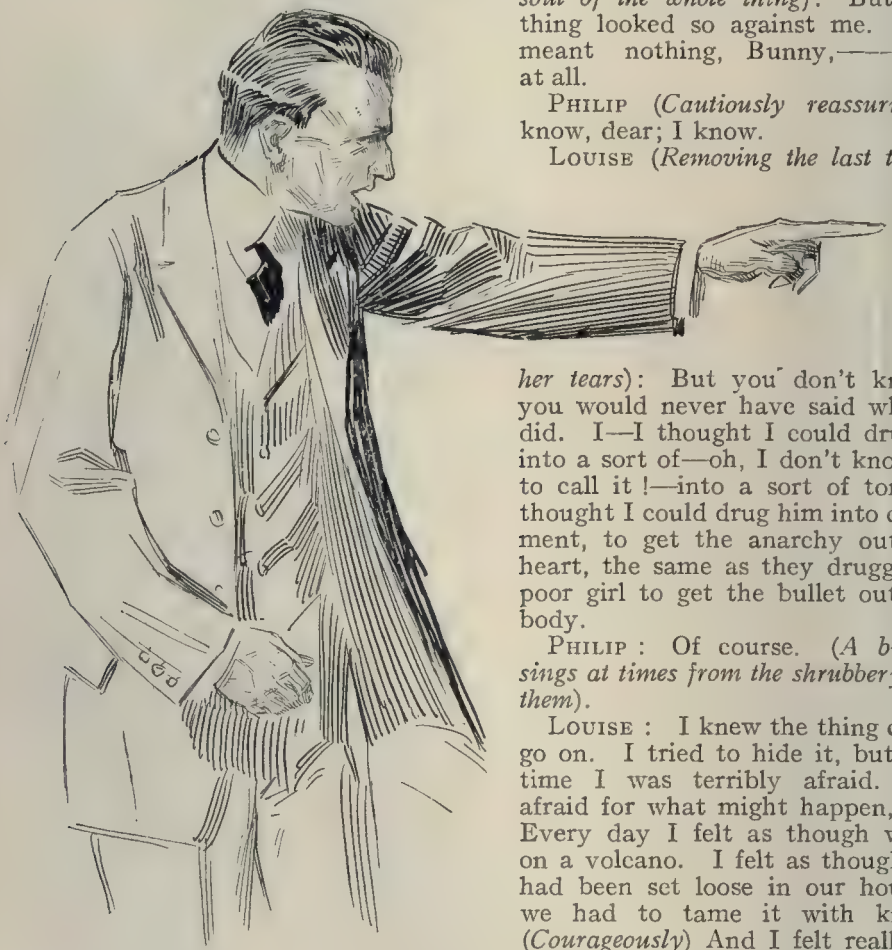
(*She is crying now, openly and miserably. The sight of her tears seems to dismay him. He stands before her as embarrassed as a schoolboy, yet with*

his lips pressed determinedly together. He looks about helplessly. Then he takes a deep breath or two, suspiciously near to a sob).

PHILIP (*Crying it out*): Louise !

LOUISE (*With an answering cry*) : Bunny !

(*With one movement they turn, each clasping the other in their outstretched arms. They cling forlornly together in the paling light as Louise continues to sob on his shoulder, more and more quietly. Philip, plainly no longer*



"WILSON! ARE YOU A MAN OR A MONKEY?"

ashamed of an emotion which he may have felt was too much for him, caresses her hair with large and unsteady hands. From somewhere out of the distance a twilight bird starts to sing through the quiet garden.)

LOUISE (*With her face hidden*): I've been such a fool, Bunny.

PHILIP (*Penitently*): No, I've been the fool.

LOUISE (*Wiping her eyes*): How you must despise me.

PHILIP : No, Louie, don't say that.

LOUISE : But you *must*. I've been such a failure.

PHILIP (*With the humility of the contrite*): I guess I've been the failure in this family.

LOUISE (*Determined to purge her soul of the whole thing*): But everything looked so against me. And it meant nothing, Bunny,——nothing at all.

PHILIP (*Cautiously reassuring*): I know, dear; I know.

LOUISE (*Removing the last traces of her tears*): But you don't know, or you would never have said what you did. I—I thought I could drug Otto into a sort of—oh, I don't know what to call it !—into a sort of torpor. I thought I could drug him into contentment, to get the anarchy out of his heart, the same as they drugged that poor girl to get the bullet out of her body.

PHILIP : Of course. (*A bird still sings at times from the shrubbery behind them*).

LOUISE : I knew the thing couldn't go on. I tried to hide it, but all the time I was terribly afraid. I was afraid for what might happen, Philip. Every day I felt as though we were on a volcano. I felt as though a lion had been set loose in our house and we had to tame it with kindness. (*Courageously*) And I felt really sorry for Otto. He seemed to have so little. Life had given him so little.

PHILIP : Well, I guess we're all in the same boat now.

LOUISE (*As she gravely smoothes his grey temples with her hands*): It can't be that bad, can it, Bunny ?

PHILIP (*Valiantly*): Oh, we'll save

something out of the wreck. I can't tell yet—but it'll take a fight.

LOUISE (*Still caressing him with her child-like little movements*): Need we care ?

PHILIP (*Yielding to her beleaguering endearments*): It doesn't matter what happens, so long as I've still got you !

(*She buries her head on his shoulder again, with a sigh of happiness. They cling together, oblivious of their surroundings. As they do so, Otto wanders like an unhappy spirit down the rose-bordered garden-path. He stops short, standing and looking at them. The light has been slowly waning. Through the pale twilight can be heard the impatient shrilling of the touring-car siren. Otto leans on the sun-dial and buries his face on his out-flung arm. The bird in the shrubbery continues to sing. Louise, finally looking up, catches sight of the silent and motionless Otto. She turns Philip's face towards the sun-dial, without speaking. Her husband slowly moves his head up and down. The motor-horn sounds again, stridently. Philip crosses to the sun-dial and touches Otto on the arm*). . . . . .

PHILIP : Otto ! . . . . .

OTTO (*Slowly looking up*): Oh, I can't stand this !

PHILIP (*Reassuringly*): That's all right, my boy. She'll be up and around in a week or so. There's no need to worry.

OTTO (*Fiercely*): Oh, it isn't that. I can stand that—I'm used to it. But what makes you do this ? Why are you treating us this way ? Why should you be kind to *me ?*

PHILIP : I couldn't do what *she* did. . . . .

OTTO : But you leave me without anything to lean on, without any ground to stand on. Why do you do it ? Can't you see I don't know how to take it ? Hate, and I'll hate back. Fight, and I'll fight back to the last drop of the hat. That's all I've ever done. That's all I'm able to do. But this—this unmans me. It makes me ashamed of what I am, of what I've been.

LOUISE : Oh, Otto, none of us are angels. We all make mistakes.

OTTO (*Fiercely*): I've done more than make mistakes. I've drunk hate—hate—hate—until it made my brain reel, until it poisoned my blood. I've gone up and down the world like a mad dog, trying to turn the whole world mad. You were right, I've corrupted everything I've touched. The thought of destruction has made me drunk. It became a delirium, a fever, a thirst. I never knew what killing meant. God knows I'd seen

"I BEG PARDON, SIR!"

enough of it. I've seen blood enough—but none of it was ever spilt *for me*. (*His voice is dull with horror as he goes on*). All that blood out of that poor broken body ! And she did it for me ! That blood was given for

me ! The first time in all my life that blood was given for me ! Oh, what blind fools we've all been !

Louise : But think of the other thing, Otto—think how she must love you.

Otto : And I—I scarcely knew it. I was so busy with hate I couldn't see what it was worth. (*He swings about almost accusingly, to Philip*). And you, you took me out of my cellar. You took me out of that hole and put me where the light was too strong for me.

Philip : But light's the thing we live by. We've got to stand it.

Otto : But you stood me up and poured cold water on the only thing I believed in, on the only fire that ever kept me warm. I couldn't even be true to my own Cause. (*With a return of the old spirit*) Oh, don't think I'm calling that Cause all wrong. *I'm* the one that's wrong. I'm like an engineer who's had a wreck, a jockey who's had a fall. I can't go on. I've lost my nerve. But what's one man in the dust, or one train in the ditch ? The thing will go on again—only I won't have the courage to be there to guide them.

Louise (*In gentle reproof*) : Anarchy isn't the only thing in the world, Otto.

Otto : It's been the only thing in my world.

Louise : You made speeches and bombs. And Philip made money and dear bread—and perhaps neither of you stopped to ask what it was costing, costing yourself, costing the world.

Philip (*A little resentfully*) : I know what it's cost. I know where it put me.

Louise (*With all the wisdom of the ages in her quiet and mother-like smile*) : But that's how we live, Bunny, being defeated and then struggling up again, facing the risks, making order out of the ruins, keeping things going, the best we're able to, making the most of this terribly bad bargain called life. (*To Otto*) You see, Otto, I haven't any theories; I'm only a mush of concessions. And I must go back to Olga, where I can be of some use. (*Otto winces as she mentions Olga's name and turns to her husband*). Do you know, Bunny, that poor child was wearing nothing but cotton, the coarsest kind of cotton, next to her skin.

Otto (*Unexpectedly flaring up*) : And what did Joan of Arc wear next to her skin ? And Tolya Rogozinnikovas ? And Mary of Bethlehem, if you like, and all those other women who thought more of the world than they did of themselves ?

Louise (*With forced calmness*) : Olga may not mind the cotton, Otto, but she'll need something to make up for it, something you may be able to give her.

Otto (*Bitterly*) : What have I to give ?

Louise : What the world hasn't given her. She's a woman, Otto, whatever else she may be. I even imagine she's thought less of that world than she has of you.

Otto (*Stricken into sudden misery*) : Don't say that—now ! I can't bear to think of it.

Louise (*Softly*) : You were the first one she asked for.

Otto : I'm not worth it.

Louise (*With feminine and unimaginative directness*) : You're going to make yourself worth it.

Otto : I can't. The debt's too great. It's all hopeless. It's all too late. It's dead, now.

Louise : What was that you told me from Nietzsche : If there were no graves there would be no resurrections.

Otto (*Looking up, and again touched with fire at the familiar words*) : He's right. And you're right. We must go on and on. We've got to. (*With ever rising force*) And at this moment there's official oppression at Adana. There, to-day, human beings are once more being ground down under the heel of Tyranny. Liberty is being killed, men crushed, women outraged. There's work for me, work waiting for me, calling for me. And I'd give ten years of my life to know that my hand was the hand that had blown up a *vilayet* full of those Asiatic Turks. Yes, and there's all Russia calling for help. There are one hundred and fifty million souls waiting and fretting for emancipation. And the only way

they'll reach it will be to swim to it through a river of blood !

LOUISE (*Sadly*) : More bloodshed, Otto ? Hasn't there been enough of that ? Haven't you learned what that means ?

OTTO (*Looking dully about, humbled into helplessness*) : Oh, it's all so tangled. The whole thing's so hopeless. I can't tell if man's a mistake of God or God's a mistake of man !

LOUISE (*With her placid maternal materialism*) : But. you see, whatever happens, we've got to hang together in some way. We're here, and we've got to make the best of things. (*She slips her arm through Philip's*). And we're going to, aren't we, Philip ?

PHILIP (*Of the sober, work-a-day world*) : Just as soon as I can get those wires busy.

OTTO (*To Philip*) : But you've got something to work for, to fight for.

PHILIP : I wish you'd tell me what it is—with September wheat at 77—and me a bull !

LOUISE : You see, we've lost, too, Otto—lost everything. We're all on the same level now.

OTTO (*As he stares at Philip*) : So *you've* lost, too! And I haven't even *you* to fight against.

PHILIP (*With his hand on the smaller man's shoulder*) : We ought to be fighting together.

OTTO (*Hesitatingly, with a newer humility*) : Could you keep me here, in any way, until Olga's able to leave, until we can go together ? Why couldn't I work for you, until then ? I'm not good for much—but couldn't you make me a car-checker at one of your elevators ?

PHILIP : Yes, if I've got a grain elevator left after the smash. (*The butler enters as he speaks and stands pompously at attention. This servant wears his full service uniform, knee breeches with yellow and scarlet faced jacket and metal buttons, etc.*)

WILSON : Excuse me, sir, but Mr. Doyle says to inform you as he's waiting with the car, sir.

PHILIP (*Shortly*) : All right. I'm coming.

(*Philip turns to pick up his hat and gloves as Otto walks unhappily and meditatively back and forth. Otto's movements bring him face to face to the butler, at whom he stares for a resentful moment or two*).

OTTO (*Explosively*) : Wilson !

WILSON (*Skipping to one side*) : Yes, sir.

OTTO · Are you a man or a monkey?

WILSON (*His dignity outraged*) : I beg pardon. sir.

OTTO (*Thunderously, with an incongruous flare-up of the old spirit*) : If you're a man, take off that badge of servitude. (*He points at the uniform, with shaking fingers*). Be a man—a *man!*

LOUISE (*Softly*) : Poor Otto !

(FINAL CURTAIN).

TRACTOR PLOW WINNING CONTEST IN FRANCE

The Furrows of His Fathers

By Philip Kellar

Illustrated with Photographs

TOM NEEDHAM was the eldest son of Richard Needham, who moved to the "corn belt" of Central Illinois fifty years ago and took up a 160-acre homestead. The thought of walking 4,000,000,000 miles behind a plow drove Tom to the city. Every spring after his sixteenth year young Thomas walked 320 miles behind the old mule team plowing the forty acre cornfield. One early spring day, thirty years ago, when Tom was twenty-one years old, his father said to him :

"Well, Tom, I reckon you'd better start plowing that south forty to-day before the spring rains make it too soft to work."

For an instant the youth, remembering that he was of age and his own master in the eyes of the law, was tempted to refuse. With an effort he bridled his tongue and replied respectfully :

"All right, father, but this will be the last time. I'm going to the city, to Chicago."

"What ! " the older man shouted in amazement. "Going to quit the farm ? "

"That's it. I'm sick and tired of this plowing, day after day, year after year."

"I've done it all my life," Mr. Needham replied proudly, "and so did my father and his before him."

"That's the trouble," the younger man retorted, "when a man takes a plow handle in his hand he sticks his neck in the yoke just as much as the mule or the ox. And it never ends anywhere. The furrows just keep right on stretching out in front of you, year after year."

"Don't we get a good living out of the farm ? "

"Oh, yes, but we have to work too hard to care whether we're living or not, and I'm tired of it. I'm going in business, where I can have a few hours of rest and the chance to use 'em."

The elder Needham sighed. He had felt the rising tide throughout the land of the desire to leave the farm for the city. He couldn't understand it, but he knew many fathers who had lost their sons, and he knew that argument with Thomas would be wasted time.

CLEAN, EVEN, DEEP, THE BROWN FURROWS ROLL AWAY BEHIND THE TRACTOR PLOWSHARES IN MILE-LONG LINES

Young Thomas sighed too, not knowing that he regretted leaving the old home, hitched the old mule team to the plow and began work on the south forty. He knew it would take nearly three weeks for him to walk the 320 miles before the forty acres were plowed, guiding the team and the plow, hauling and pulling it about, occasionally stumbling on the rough ground.

Young Needham possessed the imagination that enabled him to see that 320 mile furrow stretching straight out before him and seemingly without an end. He did not object so much to the other work on the farm, for, though it was hard, it had some variety, and it did not leave him stupidly weary at the end of the day, as did the plowing.

In the early summer Tom Needham left the old farm near Aurora and went to Chicago. For the first few years he worked harder in the city than he had on the farm, but he saved his earnings until he had sufficient capital to start in business for himself. To-day he is one of the prosperous merchants of Chicago, and his son is attending the agricultural college at the University of Illinois.

Thomas Needham was one of the hundreds of thousands of young Americans who have been driven from the soil to urban communities by the desire to escape the furrows of their fathers. The plow has been the greatest instrument for the advancement of civilization, but it has been the hardest taskmaster as well. There are 4,000,000,000 miles of furrows to be plowed every year on the 500,000,000 acres of cultivated land in the United States. Eight miles of furrows are turned in plowing one acre. The prospect of walking 4,000,000,000 miles behind a plow would discourage most of us.

But contrast the thirty-year-old scene with two pictures of last spring, and see that the day of plowing as hard work is doomed. One of these

scenes was on the old Needham farm and the other on a section of unbroken, wild prairie sod land in the Last Mountain Valley in Western Canada, which might be duplicated in any western Province or in certain newer sections of the north-western States.

Richard Needham, grandson of our old farmer friend, while studying scientific agriculture at the State University, is also managing the old farm (his father's fingers are itching to get back on the job, too). Last spring that same old "south forty" which drove his father to the city had to be plowed for its triennial crop of corn—oats and clover forming the crops for the two preceding years. Young Richard asked his father to come down and watch the job.

"I'll show you how to plow, Dad, in a way that will make you open your eyes."

"Go on, boy," the merchant laughingly rejoined. "I know more about plowing than you ever will. Why, I once plowed five acres in one day!"

"Gee, but you were slow," the son retorted. "Come along, and I'll show you how we plow that south forty in less than three days. You ought to keep up to the procession."

Skeptical, the merchant journeyed to the old farm, prepared to laugh at his son's discomfiture when he should fail to make good his impossible boast. Skeptical he remained when young Richard led him to the south forty at seven o'clock in the morning.

"If there was need for rushing the plowing," the son explained, "we'd begin at daybreak and run at night, but we can take it easy and spread it over three days."

"Stop talking nonsense, Dick," the merchant retorted. "You may have learned some things at the University about farming, but you haven't learned everything."

Skeptical the old man remained when they reached the forty-acre clover patch and saw in one corner of it a 20 h. p. gasoline traction engine to which were attached five big plows.

"'Twon't do," he shook his head, "we tried power plowing when the traction threshing engine came out thirty years ago, but it wouldn't work. You'll never chase the horse away from the plow."

"Wait," the son replied, as he gave the man in charge of the plow outfit the signal to begin. When the engine began a steady, irresistible, straight march down the field, turning over furrows as straight and even as the best the merchant had ever seen, Richard continued,

"You see, Dad, those old threshing tractors were not built for plows, and the plows you used were not built for those engines. What you are looking at now is an engine and a set of plows that were built for one another, to do the right sort of work."

"Well, what are we coming to?"

After which exclamation the father lapsed into a silence broken only by occasional grunts as his son led him about the farm and showed the various uses to which the tractor was placed when it was not used for plowing. It furnished the power to pump the water up to the tank, being much quicker and more reliable than the windmill; it furnished the power that chopped the feed, that cut up the fodder and lifted it into the giant silo; it furnished the power for threshing the wheat, for shelling the corn, for drawing heavy loads about the farm, for sawing wood, etc.

"It never gets tired working, like a man or a horse," the son explained, "and it doesn't eat anything except when working, and not very much then."

"Well, what are we coming to?" the merchant exclaimed again.

Three weeks later, a thousand miles to the north-west, the merchant, who has always boasted of the fact that he was born and brought up on an Illinois farm, received another lesson in modern scientific farming methods. The Morton farm, adjoining the Needham homestead, had descended to Henry Morton, son of the owner in the farm days of Thomas Needham. Henry Morton is one of the progressive older farmers. When he had an opportunity to sell his Illinois land for $175 an acre, he took advantage of it and emigrated to the new wheat country in Saskatch-

ewan, purchasing a section—640 acres—in the Last Mountain Valley at the ratio of about ten acres there for one in Illinois.

Morton was late in making his new move, and he found himself very close to seeding time for wheat with none of his 640 acres broken and no chance to get the men to do the plowing for him in time. The Mortons and the Needhams had maintained their friendly relations through the years, and Morton had invited young Needham and his father up to see his new home and the new country.

In his efforts to "do something," Morton went to William Pearson, of Winnipeg, the man who colonized Last Mountain Valley, for advice.

"Steam plows!" Pearson laconically answered. "I'll see if I can find one or two for you."

After some skirmishing three big custom steam traction plowing outfits were located in the neighborhood of the Morton section; they would be available for eight days, the steam plows being equipped with acetylene lights for night work, and a "day" being twenty-four hours long.

"That will be enough time," Pearson said confidently. "You'll have your 640 acres broken in time for seeding, Mr. Morton."

Merchant Needham didn't believe a word of it, but he had been forced to take back so many things within a short time, that he decided to keep silent. Morton, though a progressive farmer, was a little in doubt. Young Needham wasn't, saying cheerfully:

"Sure, it will be easy. The land is firm, and the engines can just scoot across it.

The three steam plows were set to work early the next morning. A little over a week later the 640 acres was broken and harrowed and ready for the seed.

"A six-horse team with a modern gang plow," Mr. Pearson said, "would require more than two months, Sundays included, to plow that section. One man, plowing in the old-fashioned way, walking behind his plow, would have to work every day for seven months and plow twenty-four miles of furrow each day, to finish the job."

"Well, what are we coming to!" Farmer-Merchant Needham exclaimed.

It cost Mr. Morton $5 an acre to get his land ready for the seed, or $3,200. He planted it all in wheat, and got a crop of an average of a little more than twenty bushels to the acre, which netted him nearly $15,000 the first year. Most of us would call that a pretty fair investment. Merchant Needham admitted he couldn't do nearly so well in his business.

A year before, the elder Needham was scarcely aware that the tractor plow was in existence, except in a vague sort of way. After those experiences he began to investigate, and here are some of the things he found out:

Within the last ten years approximately 8,000,000 acres in Canada and the United States have been turned over to the steam and gasoline tractors to be plowed. That means 64,000,000 miles of furrows which the young (and old) Western farmer doesn't have to walk each year, and the number is increasing very rapidly as new improvements are continually being made on the tractors.

The lighter weight gasoline and other internal combustion tractors, which can be utilized for power plowing on the small farms in the "corn belt" and in the level sections of the east and south, have sprung up within the last five years. In spite of their newness, they are sweeping the country as the automobile began to do ten or twelve years ago. To-day the total number of traction plow outfits of both kinds in Canada and the United States is estimated at 10,000. The average number of acres plowed is 800 per year. Some of the outfits average 1,000, but there are a sufficient number of smaller ones to bring the general average down. There are a few 60-horse-power steam plows on the large ranches in California which plow 3,500 acres each per year.

When our savage ancestor learned that a grain of wheat buried in the ground would sprout and grow and produce many more grains, he started

to scratch up the soil with a sharpened stick. This was the first plow. Later, man trained the ox to do some of the heavy work for him, and a rude wooden plow was constructed out of a forked limb of a tree. For thousands of years there was little improvement on this.

After a long while, in the long march down the ages, man learned the uses of iron in rude forms, and affixed a piece of the metal to his old wooden plow and thought he had made wonderful progress. If Henry Morton should attempt to plow his section of land with the ox and the handleless wooden plow of the ancient Romans, he would be plowing day and night all through the year, and even then never would get all of his 640 acres plowed in one year. His crops would consist of wolf willow, wild peas and wild vetch that insist upon growing where least wanted.

The metal plow underwent slow improvements as the years passed, the present shape, with its moldboard, beginning to take form about the first of the eighteenth century. In 1720 Joseph Foljambe, of Yorkshire, England, was granted a patent on a plow which he had evolved from a crude form brought over from Holland. This was the best plow then made, but it did not come into general use until a Scotchman, James Small, established a factory at Black Alder Mount in 1763 and began to make and sell the implements on a large scale. Small was continually making improvements, and his plow finally assumed the style of the "East Lothian," which has been the general model for all English plows since then.

The first plow patent issued in America was issued in 1797 to Charles Newbold, a farmer of Burlington, N.J. This plow was of cast iron, and worked well, but the early farmers were as prejudiced against it as the Mexicans of to-day are against our modern steel plows. They said that the iron in the Newbold plow "poisoned the land," and they clung to the old plow with its metal point and its wooden moldboard.

Jethro Wood secured a patent, September 1st, 1819, on the first metal plow with interchangeable parts, and this was the father of our modern plows. Wood's plows were of cast iron, and it, and others modeled upon its general lines, worked well until the soil, after continual working, began to grow sticky and dense. Then the cast iron scoured with difficulty, or not at all, and to meet this trouble, James Oliver, of South Bend, Ind., established a plow factory in 1853 and began experimenting.

The use of steel in place of iron grew up about this time, owing to the fact that steel was early found to be so much more serviceable in the new prairie sections. John Deere, then a blacksmith, built in 1837, at Grand Detour, Ill., a plow with a moldboard made of old saws. It was such a success that he made as many more as he could find saws for. They sold so rapidly that he began to get steel from abroad, none of the right quality being obtainable in America.

About forty years ago sulky plows began to be manufactured, and from then to the building of the plows in "gangs," with seats provided for the plowman, was but a step. At this time it was thought the limit of efficiency had been reached, for this enabled one man to plow with a gang of plows drawn by four or six horses.

About thirty years ago the traction engine for threshing was made practical, and immediately the farmers looked about for means to utilize the power out of threshing time, especially for the heavy work of plowing. Twenty years of failure was the result. Then the manufacturers began to try to build their traction engines so they could be adapted for plowing, and the plow-makers began to build their plows to fit the engines.

The steam plow became commercially practical about five years ahead of the gasoline tractor. It was especially adapted to breaking the tough virgin sod on the prairies though now it is being hard pressed by the gasoline tractor, even for this work.

"How much more per acre does it cost you to plow by power than by horse?" Farmer Morton was asked.

"A few cents less per acre in actual cash," was the reply, "and a few hun-

IN OUR FATHERS' DAY, "PLOWING THE SOUTH FORTY" WITH STAR AND BRIGHT WAS A TASK TO TRY A MAN'S BACK AND HIS TEMPER

dred per cent. less in time saved at the right moment, which means better and bigger crops because the seed is sown when it should be. It costs less but it is worth more."

Most of the tractors in use do custom plowing; some are on farms large enough to keep them occupied all the time; the smaller gasoline tractors that are coming into use in the corn belt are nearly always kept busy on their own farms for other purposes after the plowing is over.

The prices charged for custom plowing range from 75 cents to $5 an acre. The outfits cost from $1,500 to $6,000, with an additional $500 for miscellaneous equipment. From fifteen to forty-five acres is the day's work of the tractor plow, depending upon the size of the engine and the nature of the soil. The disc plow, which is used almost exclusively in the south-west, where the soil is lighter and looser, will plow about forty-five acres a day under favorable circumstances; the moldboard plow, used almost exclusively in Saskatchewan and Alberta, where the soil is heavier and stickier, will turn over about thirty acres a day, this presuming a twenty-four hour day.

Residents of the older settled parts of the world are puzzled to know how the Canadian prairies are being so quickly turned into a farm.

"Well," explains Mr. Pearson, "a number of things have contributed, some of the most important being the hundreds of thousands of Americans, like Mr. Morton, who have come across the line to help us, and the building of our three transcontinental railroads. But the traction plowing outfit is entitled to a great deal of the credit, and will be entitled to a great deal more before another decade passes.

"In 1900, about the time the tractor plow came into practical use, there were less than 2,500,000 acres of wheat in all the vast territory between Winnipeg and the mountains far to the west. Nine years later the province of Saskatchewan alone, practically untilled in 1900, had 4,085,000 acres

sown in wheat, which yielded 90,255,000 bushels, the wheat acreage in Manitoba in 1909 was 2,643,111, yielding 45,774,707 bushels, and in Alberta it was 333,000 acres, yielding 8,250,000 bushels. These three newly settled provinces combined had 7,058,111 acres of wheat, which raised a total of 144,279,707 bushels, or more than twice as much as all of great Britain and Ireland.

"About one-sixth of that acreage is plowed by mechanical power. Without the tractor plow there probably would be a million fewer cultivated acres in this part of the country to-day. Not far from here, in this Last Mountain Valley, is one farm of 15,000 acres —a farm, not a ranch. Traction plowing is a vital necessity if that land is to be cultivated without waiting until the country is so thickly settled that farm help will be numerous."

At the National Farm Land and Irrigation Exposition in Chicago last fall, a "dry farmer" from Wyoming told an old-fashioned "wet country" farmer that the tractor plow would prove one of the greatest aids to putting into cultivation the millions of acres of arid land in the United States which cannot be irrigated.

"Come now," his hearer expostulated, "don't try to make fun of me. A steam engine drinks water, and lots of it; it doesn't dig wells."

"But a plow drawn by a gasoline tractor doesn't even drink water," the "dry" farmer replied, "at least not enough to count. Horses do; horses cannot work long in hot, dry spells; horses cannot plow as deep: they cannot plow the entire farm quickly enough after rare rains, to get the ground in shape to preserve and conserve the moisture. That's the answer."

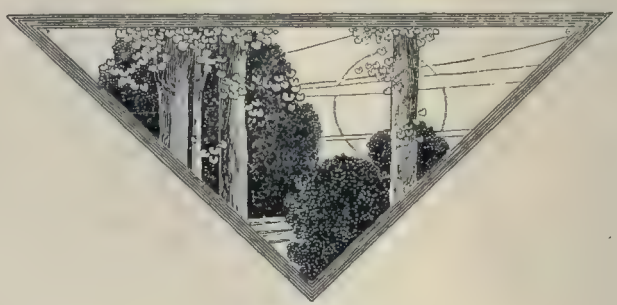
It's a good thing for us who live in the cities that the farmer boys decided twenty-five years ago to hike for the urban communities. If they hadn't, it is quite possible that our grandfathers would have had us plowing the same old furrows in the same old way, and we might not have had sense enough to break away and learn that a thing isn't good just because our ancestors thought it the best.

It is a fact that practically every new and revolutionary invention in farm machinery has been the work of a man who began life on a farm and moved to a city or town where he would have the opportunity to put his practice into theories, and later the theories into practice.

But we'll go along in the furrows of our fathers, though we'll travel in modern style, do more with less physical labor, and have more time to enjoy the good things we have, and plan more time and labor-saving machinery for our children.

Can you blame Merchant Needham, and the millions like him, whose eyes are beginning to open, for exclaiming :

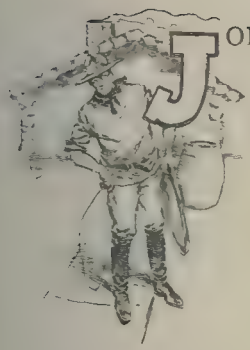
"What are we coming to ? "



John Otley's Bluff

By Donald Kennicott

Illustrated by H. Sheridan



JOHN OTLEY, my next-door neighbor, lived some four miles beyond my place on the Fort Fraser Road, in the valley of the Little Black River. We had always been good friends, but I never understood him at all, until one day on a hunting excursion I saw him—apparently for the sole reason that he had backed himself to do so—rope a full-grown lynx and tie that consummate savage into a mere flame-eyed parcel of impotence.

It sometimes happens that one catches a man's face in a moment uniquely characteristic, at some luminous instant, when the outline of his very soul itself seems shadowed forth on his features. It is usually a startling, and sometimes an unpleasant sight, but very often, too, one curiously inspiriting. So that day, when I looked into John Otley's face as he rose unsteadily to his feet, mopping the blood from a deep jagged gash in his arm, I then saw the man himself, and I began to understand him—to understand what was that peculiar quality of spirit that had enabled one of his youth to acquire unaided so considerable a property, that had sustained him in his lonely life—and that had drawn the two hard lines about the corners of his mouth, with which his gentle voice was so little in keeping. Later, a fine new house he built at some distance from the shack in which he was living, taken together with the photograph of a girl which stood between the mail-order catalogue and the cartridge box on his table, explained some other things about him.

One stifling afternoon in July, Dr. Ainsworth, whose well-diluted practise extends over several hundred square miles of British Columbia, appeared on foot at my door, covered with dust and swearing strange medical oaths. He told me that Otley had called him up by telephone (we are blessed with one of these erratic, barbed-wire-fence systems of the *fin de siecle* cow-country), and saying that he had been badly hurt, had asked for immediate aid. When, however, Ainsworth had asked what had happened, he had received no answer, and knowing the injured man to be alone, he had therefore driven out at top speed, only to founder his horse just beyond my gate. He concluded by asking me to harness up a conveyance and take him on out to Otley's.

It was late in the afternoon when we came to the little log shack in which Otley was still living. No one answered when we called; the door swung open; a horse, standing with the bridle reins up, near the corral gate, neighed as if with relief, and trotted toward us. Hurrying in, we found our man lying face downward on the dirt floor of his kitchen, the 'phone receiver gripped tight in his hand, as if he had fainted while talking with Ainsworth and had pulled the thing down with him. The floor was puddled with blood from a bullet-hole in his chest; fat, noisome blow-flies were droning over him like bees around their hive.

We carried him to his cot bed in the other room, and Ainsworth did what he could, but he said almost at once that there was no chance at all to save him. Yet after a little the poor fellow revived a bit, and was able to explain that he had been training a horse to stand fire, that the beast had taken to bucking, and that in the melee, his pistol had been discharged toward him. He had dragged himself to the telephone and had fainted there.

When he had told us this, he was silent a moment, looking at the doctor as if he were expecting an explanation of some sort from him, too. Then he said in a queer, petulant whisper :

"Well, hurry up and tell me, doc. Is it going to do for me ? "

Ainsworth took his hand and nodded. "We're grown men, Otley," he said, "and there's nothing to lie about. There isn't any chance."

"How long ? " Otley whispered.

"Perhaps two hours—perhaps till morning. Hardly any longer than that."

Otley lay there very still for a moment, and his lip quivered. Then I saw the muscles about his jaw tighten, and that same curious look of defiance came into his eyes that I had noticed just before the lynx episode.

"All right," he whispered, "I'll not whine. It's nothing a fellow can help, but"—here his voice seemed to gain strength—"I'm not going to go until I've seen Ruth once more." He turned his eyes toward me. "You hear ? " he asked. "I want you to wire for Ruth to come. I'm damned if I'll go till I've seen her."

Ruth was the girl whose photograph stood on the table, and whom in September, when the new house should be completed, he was to have married. She lived some fifteen hundred miles away, back in Otley's native town in Ontario, and it would take her two full days to make the journey. While I was watering my horse in preparation for the twenty mile drive to town, Ainsworth came out, and, asking if I really intended to send the message, repeated his opinion that his patient would at best go under before morning. I knew Ainsworth to be a man of long experience and of good judgment in such matters; and I realized that it would be even harder for the girl if she came, and came too late. Yet I had given Otley my promise, and something in that defiant expression of his eyes assured me that he would keep his word. Therefore, telling Ainsworth that I should keep mine also, I drove into town at a gallop and sent the telegram. Three hours later, I received an answering message from the girl, to the effect that she was about to start.

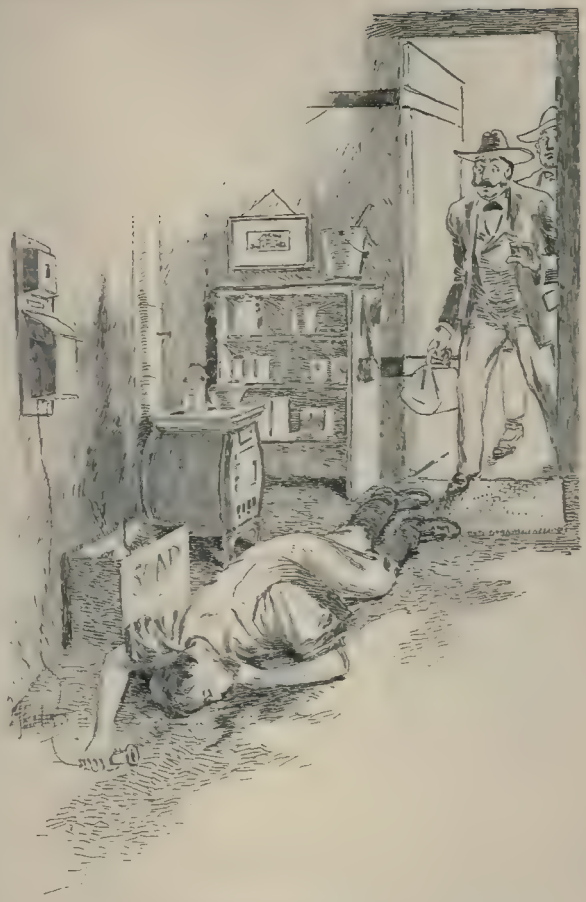
It was nearly noon when I got back to Otley's. He was still lying there on his cot, with his eyes open and his teeth clenched, breathing very faintly. I took a turn at watching while Ainsworth got a bit of sleep, and then turned in for a while myself. I was very tired, and as Ainsworth did not call me, it was late next day before I woke up..

Otley was still alive. Stepping outside with me for a little, Ainsworth said it was a queer business, that the man must have the constitution of an ox; and then, with a lot of technical explanation about the wound, showed me that, according to all precedent, he had already lived far longer than could have been expected. And, indeed, Otley's appearance tallied with this opinion, for one could not see that he breathed at all, and his lips were perfectly white, like those of a dead man; yet now and then they would move a little, and by bending close one could hear that he was saying—"Ruth —Ruth "—in a dry faint whisper that seemed somehow like the voice I had always imagined a ghost would have. He had asked for the girl's picture, and it lay there beside him on the blanket.

I took a turn at watching then, while Ainsworth slept for another little while, and then drove into town to meet the girl. Her train, by an unusual coincidence of time and schedule, arrived promptly, pulling in a little after midnight. She came all alone—had never even been away from home before, I learned later—and as she stood there under the station lantern, I knew that she was horribly fright-

ened, although she was too much of a thoroughbred to show it. I put her into the buck-board—she was a slim little thing, with big gray eyes—and then hit the dust straight back to Otley's.

Ainsworth stood out in the road waiting for us when we drove up, and I thought, of course, it was to warn me that we were too late, but he held his finger to his lips for us to be quiet, and then came up close to the girl's side of the rig and began to tell her how matters stood. "He's held his own," he said. "I thought at first that it was a case of exceptional strength, but I'm beginning now to think that it's something—something more than that. He's lived two days now, longer than there was any excuse to expect—and it isn't what I've been able to do for him that's kept him up, either. The reason I came out and stopped you—the point is, that if he could keep up for say, three days more, he would very probably pull through; and if he had the same reason for keeping up, he—might do it." Ainsworth stopped then and looked at the girl, and no one spoke for a minute.



HE WAS LYING FACE DOWN IN THE DIRT, WITH THE RECEIVER STILL GRIPPED IN HIS HAND

She sat there very white, staring at him. "You mean," she said after a bit, "you mean, that if I weren't to see him, that he would keep on fighting to live until I came?"

"Yes," Ainsworth said. "That's it."

"But what would you tell him? He'd know that I'd come right off."

"We could tell him that there'd been a wash-out on the railroad, or something like that."

"He's certain to—to die if I go to him now?"

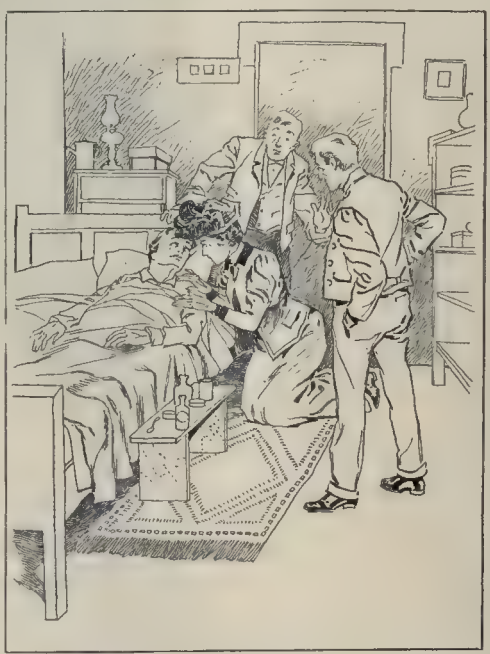
"There can be no doubt of it."

She looked away from us for a moment, biting her lips to keep herself steady. Then she said: "Well, if there were somewhere I could be—where I could see him, you know—without his knowing——"

There were two rooms in the shack. Ainsworth helped her out, and I stood there by the horses while he helped her inside. Then, after a minute, I drove up to the house alone, marched in, and found only the doctor there, seated by Otley's bed. It was a good deal like hitting the poor devil in the face, but I cooked up a yarn about a big storm and a wash-out up the road, and finished by saying the girl had wired me that her train would be delayed twenty-four hours. He took it pretty well, though his lips twitched a little at first, as though he was going to cry. "Guess I can hold him off for another day," he whispered after a minute. And for the first time then I noticed

that he seemed to personify Death. He was delirious, I suppose, though he was too weak to show it much, but several times after that it seemed if he were trying to shrink back from something—as though there were some visible Enemy in the room.

I went into the kitchen after a bit, and found the girl standing where she could look through a chink in the log partition. She was very nearly as white as Otley himself, and her little fists were doubled up as if she were fighting something, too—and, indeed, I suppose she was. I made her take a chair, but it was a long while before I could get her to come away, even for a moment. And I regretted then that I did, for we went outside, and she noticed for the first time the new house, just a little way up the hill. Otley had been very particular about this edifice, both in plan and construction, and had insisted on building it just exactly as they build houses back in his home town in Ontario. Apparently he thought it would please her best that way—and I fancy he was right, for she broke down then, for the first time.



"I TOLD YOU I'D HOLD OUT TILL SHE CAME," HE SAID TRIUMPHANTLY

Otley did very well that day, and Ainsworth was much elated. When the time came, I pretended to start out to town for the girl again, and after we had talked it over outside, we decided that Ainsworth should tell him that the storm had reached us, that it was raining heavily, and that the bridges over the Little Black River were washed out so that we were unable to get back.

When it was time for me to have returned, Ainsworth told him the story as we had planned, but he was not over confident of its success, and came outside to me again. "He's mighty keen for a fellow that's as low as that," he said. "I heard him mutter something about its being too light to be raining much."

We debated the matter a little while, and finally decided that we would have to bolster up the story a little. In my bare feet then, I tip-toed about pinning cloths over the windows so as to darken them. And after that, from time to time, I would go out to the big sheet-iron water-tank by the windmill and shake it so that it would rumble like thunder. Ainsworth, too, would put on a slicker, go out and souse it in the tank, and then, coming in with it dripping, would pretend to scrape mud off his shoes. It was an unusually hot day, and the sun was blazing down on us like fire.

All this time the girl kept her place in the kitchen, and hardly took her eyes from that crack in the partition. Twice, though, she signed to Ainsworth to move around and make a noise in the other room, and under cover of that, she would creep around like a little gray mouse and try to fix up something to eat for us, but we were not at all hungry. And once, too, I noticed that she kept looking over at the window, as if she were uneasy about something. The glass was—not clean, exactly—and presently she rummaged about for a cloth, sneaked over and wiped the panes off, very carefully. At another time, I suppose that manifestation of the eternal feminine would have been amusing enough.

The third day I had to drive into town

to get some things Ainsworth needed; when I returned he looked very gloomy.

"I'm afraid we've tortured these two people for nothing," he said. "The game's about up. It seems all the worse, now that he's so near held out." We discussed the matter for a while, but he could think of nothing better to do than to play it out. The crisis, he said, would come some time during the night.

I went around and stayed in the kitchen with the girl, for I was afraid that she would give out, too, but she was game, and stuck right there with never a whimper—though there was a streak of blood on her face from where she'd bitten her lip to keep from it. Ainsworth had arranged with her that he would rap on the partition if he gave up hope, and now and then I went around and looked in at the window. Each time I would see Ainsworth sitting there with his fingers on his patient's pulse, and twice I saw him raise his hand as if he were going to give the signal.

Just after dawn a little streak of sunlight crept through the window where a corner of the cloth that I had pinned there had slipped down, and fell on the ceiling above Otley's bed. He moved a little, and then, in a voice that carried quite plainly to where we sat, cried suddenly : "It's cleared off. She'll be here soon now."

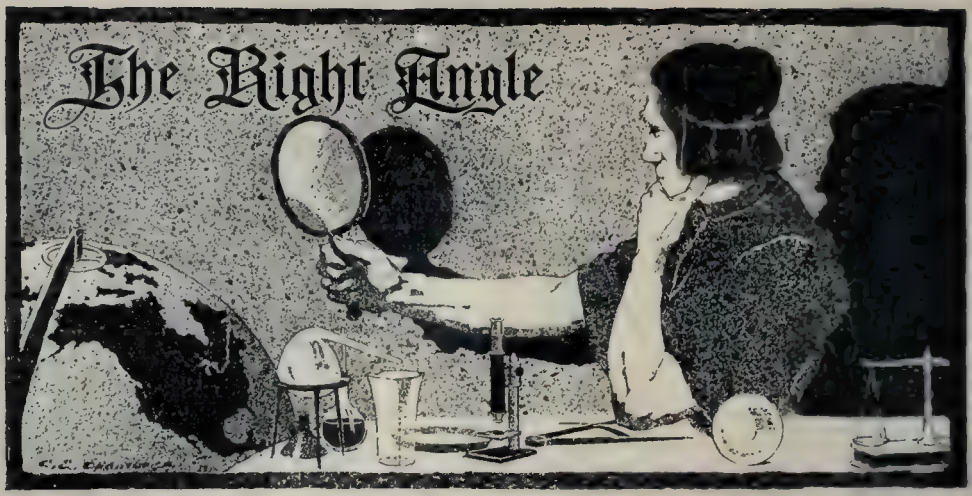
At that, the girl gave a queer little choked sob, and without a word, wheeled about, pinned on her hat, and slipped outside. The next minute, through the partition, I saw her fling open the outside door of the room where Otley lay, run to his bed and drop on her knees beside him.

Ainsworth came in and stayed with me for a minute or two; then we went back in together. There was a faint flush in Otley's cheeks, and his eyes left the girl's long enough to give a little glance of triumph at us. "Told you I'd hold out till she came," he said. "And I've done it." Then, with a little tired sigh, he closed his eyes and settled back wearily.

ITS NAME

BY S JEAN WALKER

MY HEART breathed it,
The flowers heard it,
The bees hummed it,
The birds sang it,
The brook chimed it,
The dew cried it,
The rain sobbed it,
The trees crooned it,
The sun smiled it,
The moon beamed it,
The stars gleamed it,
Then, he sought it,
And we called it—Love.



"PRO BONO" RAMPANT

"KIT" has roused the Philistines with a vengeance. In the woman's department of CANADA MONTHLY for January, she commented on "the strictures of a Toronto clergyman on matters relating to the social evil in Winnipeg," saying that "they have been greeted everywhere with regret, if not with contumely," and asking "why Winnipeg, a city where live as clean and moral and decent folk as in any other city in the world, should be singled out as 'in a more rotten moral condition" than any others mentioned."

There is a certain Torontonian who apparently does not share this regret, and who, securely tucked away under the signature "Pro Bono," writes in this indignant wise :

Why Kit ! How could you; a woman, a Toronto woman, foul your own nest by writing such stuff to a supposedly respectable Canadian magazine ! Why Winnipeg ? Well, the Investigation shows why. But, of course, you knew before, as everybody knows, the difference between what was condemned at Winnipeg by the good sense of every righteous man and woman, and the evil of other cities. Does Toronto do what Winnipeg did—segregate the vice ? What did the good people of St. Louis do, when the City Attorney called their attention to the same thing in that supposed to be voluptuous Southern city ? They ratified his good work in abolishing the iniquity by promptly electing him Governor of the State.

Surely, Kit, you don't advise Toronto to set apart a portion of our good city in which the social vice may hang out its red lamps from the windows ? If so, will you offer the section in which you live to such vile cormorants as the woman whose history of police vigilance I clip from this morning's GLOBE and inclose for your perusal ? She must be a wealthy woman, seeing her own bail for $1,000 was accepted. But did she escape in Toronto because of her wealth ?

I know not the real name of "Kit," or the woman behind that signature, but I submit the matter for your kind consideration and hope you will not hesitate to do what you can to repair the damage your magazine article does to your reputation as a member of the Fourth Estate. For obvious reasons I must decline to sign my real name.—*Pro Bono.*

Righteous indignation indeed! But let us go a little deeper into the facts of which "Kit's" correspondent seems so unqualifiedly sure.

There is a large class of folk who, "if their own front door is shut, will swear the whole world's warm," and "Pro Bono" seems to belong among them. The question of confining the evil under consideration to certain well-marked quarters, or of scattering it among the residence and business portions of the city, is one that has been thrashed out time and again, and has supporters on both sides. Talk to Brand Whitlock—or read what Golden Rule Jones has to say. Which is the lesser of two wretched evils, however, is not the point under discussion, as "Pro Bono" will perceive by reading Mrs. Coleman's ("Kit's") article. "Kit" was not advocating segregation of vice, not defaming Toronto, not condoning evil; she was simply voicing a widespread disapproval of the officious and spectacular interference of a minister of another city in Winnipeg's affairs.

The clergyman in question referred publicly to Winnipeg as the "rottenest of cities," and it is to his statement that "Kit" takes a natural and supportable objection. Let us see what some other people say of the same city.

In October, a delegation from the American Purity Federation, composed of twenty-three representative men and women, among whom were Mr. Arthur Burrage Farwell, head of one of the largest Law and Order Leagues in the United States, Mr. W. L. Clarke, of Leamington, Ontario, and our own Dr. J. G. Shearer, of Toronto, visited Winnipeg in the course of a tour that took them from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Victoria, thence south to Los Angeles, and east again to New Orleans. The tour was for the purpose of investigating vice conditions in all the larger cities of Canada and the United States, and the delegation was composed of experienced social and religious workers, anxious to obtain first-hand and accurate data on the subject.

Mr. Farwell, in a personal interview with the editor of CANADA MONTHLY, said: "I have no hesitancy in saying that Canada is in much better shape on this question than the United States, and that *Winnipeg is one of the best and cleanest cities*. When we visited Winnipeg last October, we found a splendid spirit of opposition against the social evil, and for the enforcement of the law. In many of my addresses, *I have upheld the spirit of Winnipeg as an example worthy of emulation by American cities*." He also added, "I never saw so many wholesome, red-cheeked men, women and children as I saw there."

In contradistinction to this definite statement, the certain Toronto clergyman, who was also a member of this delegation, according to his own statement under oath to the Commissioner, said: "What I have said is that they have in Winnipeg the rottenest condition of things with regard to the question of social vice to be found in any city of Canada."

It was strange that Mr. Farwell and the reverend doctor should so radically disagree as to Winnipeg's moral condition. It is also

noticeable that in the report of the delegation of the findings of their tour they speak very favorably of Western Canadian cities as being cleaner and better than those on the other side of the boundary, with no exception being made of the city of Winnipeg.

The statement in "Pro Bono's" communication that St. Louis elected their City Attorney the Governor of the State because of his campaign against segregation in that city is, by the way, a misapprehension. The Governor in question was elected by the people of Missouri (not the city of St. Louis) on account of his campaign against political graft (not social vice) in the entire state (not in St. Louis alone), as any well-informed Missourian will tell the enquirer.

Mrs. Coleman ("Kit") is only making a plea for fairness when she deprecates the giving of a bad name to a clean, vigorous, pushing young city like Winnipeg by an outsider, and one who has the ability to secure newspaper publicity as this particular "reformer" has done. She is a broad-minded woman, with a happy home and two sturdy, wholesome children to whom she is devoted. And she represents a great many Canadians who believe in decency and fair play and courtesy, rather than in flamboyant and ill-advised zeal in exploiting evils under which Winnipeg, in common with all other cities of its size, to a certain extent must labor. House-cleaning, like charity, is usually supposed to begin at home, and we, together with the mass of thoughtful Canadians, agree with Mrs. Coleman that the clergyman in question would have saved train-fare and done quite as much good if he had allowed Winnipeg to deal with her own problems in her own way.

DE MORTUIS

THE soul of a poet is a tenuous and uncertain thing. What morbid imaginings wrought in the brain of Fitzhugh Coyle Goldsborough, the young poet-violinist, and brought two lives to a red and sudden ending? What spurred on the lad Chatterton to his death before most of us have begun to taste life? What inconstant and fitful star guided Shelley and Keats and the others of those delicately strung human instruments that, like a harp, are jarred into aching inharmony by a breath of chill air or a rough hand among their strings? No one will ever know. The secret is incommunicable; if we workaday folk could understand, we, too, would be poets.

A month or two ago there came a handful of small verses to our desk, with a colorless note offering them for consideration—and inclosing stamps. The name was unknown to us; "Fitzhugh Coyle Goldsborough" might have been an ambitious girl masquerading in doublet and hose, the better to sell her wares, or a comfortable banker coquetting with the secretly cherished muse of his college days. Yet, somehow, the verses did not sound like a banker, and of the slender handful we chose two, using the gay red stamps to send back the others, with a small note of appreciation.

We put one in our January number, and just as we were making up the second to fill in a gap in the February magazine, came the glaring headlines and the cry of "David Graham Phillips Shot by Assassin!"

And it was our poet, whose delicate little "Dream in the Dusk" we had read over that very day, who had written in "The Moving Spirit,"

Deep in the heart of every wave
There dwells the urge of boundless tides—
So in the breast of King and Slave
The deathless gleam of God abides.

who had, with God knows what brood-

Painted by Edouard Morerod

THE QUEEN OF THE SPANISH GYPSIES

All the fire and untamed pride of the Zincali shines out of the eyes, contradicted by a hint of womanly sweetness and tenderness — the painting might well serve as a portrait of Isopel Berners herself.

ing fury in his heart, waited for his fellow-craftsman with the blued steel clutched close, and as the man paused lightly on the steps of his club, cast up a soul in the face of Heaven, and paid his own life as ransom.

A Toronto man, some say—perhaps a genius, perhaps a fool. All of him we know was that colorless little note, and the two frail scraps of verse that somehow didn't sound like a banker. What moved him to his tragic deed no one will ever know, except the great Settler of Accounts, to face whom he has gone.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum.

AN UNCROWNED QUEEN

WHEN George Borrow took his pack of Bibles and his shrewd pen a-journeying in Spain, he went, as he himself says, to "the land of old renown, the land of wonder and mystery, the land which in the day dreams of my boyhood had always borne a considerable share—in short, I was called suddenly and unexpectedly to undertake the adventure of Spain". Curious and quaint indeed were the results of that adventure which, with his observant eye and his positive genius for unvarnished truth-telling, he noted and set down in that most deceptively-entitled and delightful of books, "With the Bible in Spain".

What the Spanish Gypsies were, as seen by Borrow, their adopted brother, in 1842, and what they are to-day are much the same thing, for less than almost any race of the West does the Romany change. Even to-day, were "Lavengro" alive again and his stick fallen towards Estramadura, he might once more ride the white *gras* with the paces of the desert wind, might again spend the night in the empty echoing house of the old sorceress by the gate of Merida, and listen to her tales of the Corahai in the wild years when she and her *ro* followed the fortunes of the dusky Conquerors of Spain.

To be sure, no ordinary traveller would have seen the things that Borrow saw; and no ordinary label-pasted tourist would see them to-day. Indeed, ninety-nine out of a hundred men might travel a year in Spain, and at the end soundly swear that such things never were. But Borrow, being a speech-friend of the Romany, found harbourage at strange hearths and friends where another man would only have made acquaintance with six inches of cold steel.

The young painter, Edouard Morerod, whose work this year has attracted so much of Paris's fickle attention at the autumn salon, like Borrow, is the hundredth man. Although French-Swiss by birth, he has devoted his art exclusively to Spanish subjects, particularly the Gitanos, or Zincali or Caloré, as the gypsies are variously called. Most of his work is in crayon—black and white with a touch or two of characteristic coloring to give it warmth. One of his best is his portrait of the Queen of the Spanish Gypsies, a study from life, made during a recent sojourn in Spain. All the fire and untamed pride of the Zincali shines out of her jewel eyes—the cruel light of the Gitana skilled in *drows* and poisons,—yet contradicted by a hint of womanly qualities of sweetness, tenderness and love, and the tenacious fidelity of the gypsy. It is such a face as Borrow would have instantly understood—indeed it might well serve as a portrait of Isopel Berners herself—and is peculiarly interesting as a revelation of a curious and free race whose *kalo jib* or "black language" has served to hide more secrets than it has ever revealed.

This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

MARCH PROGNOSTICATIONS

WELL, all the prophets—those delightful people who so arrange their prophecies that they may be read either way and will fit in with anything or everything that might occur—agree in saying that Canadian affairs, shipping, railways, trade of all kinds will be vastly improved this month. Likewise a further bond of sympathy will be exhibited between Canada and the Empire. We are also threatened with accidents and upheavals, with ship and railway wrecks and great fires. The life of one of our greatest statesmen is threatened—not by anarchists, but by Nature's processes—in other words, old age. Ireland—disthressful Isle of Saints and disturbers—is to be the scene of a great ruction entirely about the middle of the month—the Seventeenth, of course, otherwise the world remains at peace. A fearful airship accident is predicted towards the end of the month.

Thus the prophets. Let us dissect them. Canadian affairs will improve. A safe prediction for a country that is going ahead with such a splendid rush. The bond of sympathy between us and the Old Mother could hardly be increased—so strong and sincere as it is to-day—but it is a pleasant thing to say, therefore it is thrown to us as a sort of placebo.

Accidents? Alas! these we, in common with every other country, have always with us. The death of some of our "great" statesmen through senility and old age—the marvel is that one or other of these did not succumb long ago. Easy "prophecies" every one of them, for one or other or all are bound to occur.

As to Ireland. Why, she would die on the spot if she were deprived of the delight of an odd ruction or two. It is ructions that have kept her alive and green through all the "centuries of oppression" which Tay Pay and his colleagues are so fond of expatiating upon at every public meeting when they are sending the shameful hat round to be filled. As an Irish-born woman, I am ashamed of that beggarly caubeen; I would like to kick a hole in it. Well-filled it regularly is with American and Canadian dollars which go to support in gentlemanly manner

the Parliamentary party of windbags who—as an English lawyer of high standing said the other day to the writer—"occupy the most comfortable

TILTED TO ONE SIDE, HIDING ONE EYE, OUR HATS GIVE A DECENT WOMAN THE EXPRESSION OF A "DRUNK AND DISORDERLY"

arm-chairs in the lounging rooms at Westminster, and have all the whiskey their souls could wish for." Ructions in Ireland ! And why wouldn't there? Sure, cracking heads is to us what cracking nuts would be to anyone else. A Shinn Feinner am I, which means an honest rebel—the individual Irishman for an individual Ireland—but a mere Nationalist carrying the eternal caubeen—not I !

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FOOLISHNESS AND FASHIONS

WE women are certainly the funny creatures. A while ago we were tying our legs together with a tight knot—looking for all the world like spanceled goats. We were piling the hair of all nations—China included—on our foolish pates in rats and puffs and curls—a most expensive item of the toilette this, by the way. Then came the bell-shaped extinguisher-hat which, when tilted at one side, hiding an eye, gives a decent woman the expression of a "drunk and disorderly." We swathed our heads when in the house in wide ribbons, which, especially when white, looked for all the world like bandages. Now our hair—all that is left of it—is squashed down on our heads and once more "banged" à la "Princess My" over our eyes. La Mode says that she who most closely resembles a Shetland pony as to coiffure, expresses the last scream of fashion. Last of all—and to women of large pedal endings—most awful—is the edict that "only the vulgar" will wear the high heel. This direct from Paris. Now will the gentlewoman be known by her large, flat feet. Who will have the courage to be a gentlewoman? Only those fortunate women who have exquisitely-formed, tiny feet—a feature which has always been acutely desired by the writer, who is a true gentlewoman in regard to her most useful extremities. Nous autres cannot afford to go heelless despite the blot cast thereby on our genteel escutcheon. But to console us, let us remember that we are in the height of the fashion of the minute. No one can accuse us of being "vulgar" as to the manner in which we wear our feet, those large, comfortable and sincere extremities of our being. Once, in San Francisco, we saw a Chinaman glance at our boots. There was an expression of pain upon his stolid face, and our heart ached for him—poor fellow !—but what comfortable boots those were ! Our artist will doubtless show you what is meant by gentle-

womanly feet as accepted in Paris at the moment. Be not shocked. Rather extend your pity to the flatfooted but honest gentlewoman who for the first time in her life finds herself equipped—without expense—in the mode of the moment.

"CRANKY YE MAY BE, MA'AM, FOR FACES IS SOMETIMES DECAVIN, BUT OULD—NIVER!"

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DREAMS

THE dream of the passenger on the ill-fated ship "Waratah," who three times saw a figure waving a bloody sword, and in consequence left the ship at Durban, and watched from a hotel verandah her departure on that voyage from which she never returned, has set the gossips going with stories of dreams that proved warnings. Some of these are peculiarly interesting, notably that of Lady Andover, the daughter of the famous "Coke of Norfolk," While staying with her husband at her old home in Norfolk, she dreamed that he had been shot. In deference to her entreaty, yet laughing the while, Lord Andover let the other men go on without him. As the day wore on, the dream became ridiculous, and faded a bit from Lady Andover's mind, and knowing that he loved potting the birds, she suggested that he should go out for the remainder of the afternoon.

No sooner had he gone, than the recollection of her dream sharpened, and, uneasy, she went off after him. As she crossed the park, a game-keeper came running with the news that her husband's gun, catching in a hedge through which he was climbing, went off and killed him.

We laugh at dreams, thinking them but fables, ghost-blooms in a garden of illusion. And yet in Sacred Writ we have it that Abraham, Jacob, Joseph were visited by dreams that were prophetic. We may laugh, but there are occasions when we listen a little gravely to the story of a dream.

The late Lord Portsmouth had once a remarkable tale related to him by an honest and somewhat dull farmer. The man dreamed that a valuable cow had fallen into a ditch and could not get out. He told his wife, but that worthy dame, with a laugh, bade him go to sleep again. Three times the farmer saw his good Jersey disappearing, and uprising, he lit his lantern, and went abroad in the night. He found the cow all right, and was cursing his superstition as he returned. A sound of scraping arrested him, and going whence it proceeded, he saw a man digging by the light of a lantern. The fellow decamped when he heard the farmer approaching, leaving his spade and a big clasp-knife with which he had been digging a long, narrow, ugly-looking *grave*.

"A queer turn-out," muttered our friend. "What's yon fellow been up to?" Plodding on home, and turning this queer thing over in his mind, the

farmer met one of his own maids. Astounded, he asked her what brought her out of the house in the middle of the night. "I've quarreled with my sweetheart, sir," she said, "and he said as how if I'd meet him the night in yon field, as all would be well again." The farmer retraced his steps with the girl, showed her the grave her lover had dug for her and the clasp-knife with which he would have killed her. How did he know the man who fled at his approach was the maid's lover? The fellow came to the farm house next day and reproached his sweetheart, who, running to her master, told him the man was there. But the rascal had made off. The next morning the Jersey cow was found dead and half stuffed into the grave in the field.

By what are dreams caused ? The cynic, or shallow thinker will say by indigestion, the state of the stomach, late suppers, indiscretions in eating and drinking. These cause the nightmare, but the nightmare is not a dream in the cold prophetic meaning of that term. A nightmare is something heavy or appalling that is going to fall upon you or cause you to fall. In a sense, it is prophetic, too, since it warns you to refrain from habits which cause internal disorganization—but, believe it or not, there are dreams caused by the Soul—that strange and ghostly Spirit which, while all that is mortal in us lies prone, lost in the inertia of Sleep—slips out of its unguarded prison, the body, and wanders at will into the strange places and among the strange peoples which your mortal brain has never known, your mortal eyes never seen. Life has many mysteries one of which is dreams. Saith Elihu in the Book of Job : "In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men in slumberings upon the bed; then He openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction."

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LONG LIFE—DO YOU DESIRE IT?

I AM looking at the pictures of two very, very old women. One woman is one hundred and seventeen years old; the other, one hundred and twenty-three—and I am wondering why anyone wants to live long. The faces of both these old women are frightful—they look hardly human. The figure of the younger woman is bent in two. Her terrible eyes peer up at you with a look that would be sinister only that it expresses a dull patience which one finds almost shocking. There is nothing pathetic about the poor bent figure, but everything that is grotesque. Perhaps in this very grotesqueness one may find pathos, but it is a sorrowful figure, a dreadful head and face, sans hair, sans teeth, sans—everything. Some glimmer of the soul yet lingers there, but the door is ajar, and low, low the lights are burning.

The other old woman presents an almost indecent picture—indecent because it was ever printed at all. Her thin white hair hangs in unkempt strings about her ears; her poor face, with its sunken pit of a mouth, hardly bears a trace of humanity. It is like some dreaded mask, some shocking caricature of our human figure. She can neither see nor hear. She has to be fed and cleansed like an infant. Her eyes alone live. They shine out of their caverns with an insane look. What fragment of the Soul or Spirit remains housed in this frail old tenement? What joy or pleasure or knowledge remains to make life precious, living more than a torment to herself? and a grievous trouble to those about her ? Grim questions these, but I have in mind an illustration which came under the observation of the writer. A mother, infinitely old—unable to help herself physically in any slight degree, yet mentally alive and even keen, had a spinster daughter who grumbled day and night over the trouble the poor old lady was to herself, the servants, everybody. She used to scold the old creature as she shook her cap straight or butted her into her chair. And all the while the flaming old eyes knew and understood, and what said the old heart that could not die when the aging daughter was hardest and most cruel ? Perhaps some curse lay deep there, for assuredly vengeance—biding her day—came fast and full in the after years, long after the old mother had been buried deep

in the mould. The daughter contracted that type of rheumatism which twists and contorts. It has a learned name which would convey nothing to the non-medical mind, but it is a very dreadful form of disease indeed, and does weird things to the human body. In time the daughter became bent in two and so twisted that she had to look up uncannily from below one shoulder. In her turn, her nearest relative treated her as she had treated her mother, only this was infinitely worse, since the poor creature's body was one long pain. What thoughts she had, she held, but once I heard her sigh for the end—a long, sad sigh, a deep, sorrowful prayer for release which did not come until every muscle in her body was crooked and swollen with pain. She died alone in the night, and there was none to grieve save another old, old woman, her sister, who, concealing her grief, went for all time to her bed, and there a week afterwards slipped away, into, I hope, a kinder world.

This is longevity. And yet the papers and magazines teem with questions put to old people as to how they accomplished this beauteous feat of long living. Long interviews with Mr. Carnegie and with Mr. Rockefeller, James J. Hill and Lord Strathcona are printed every now and then. Their habits? Do they smoke, drink liquors, eat meat? And each tells a different tale. Of course, these people are by no means senile or imbecile from age, but do you think they can find a great deal of pleasure in a life which must be bound by stringent rules as to appetite, exercises, early hours and all that? While few of us will agree with Dr. Osler, who would limit business and active life to forty years—by the way, he is a brilliant example himself of what over sixty can do—who would not rather depart when his faculties have failed, when his brain is sodden, his limbs almost powerless, his activities, here at all events, ended? Not a short life and a merry one, but a full life working to the very end, taking pleasures lightly, enduring what comes, and ever with a bit of God's sunshine in the heart, ready to stand upright and answer

"PEAS, YOUR EXCELLENCY, AN' IF I WAS YOU, DIVIL A WAN AV THEM I'D ATE, FOR THEY'RE HARD AS BULLETS"

"Adsum" when the Great Schoolmaster calls his poor scholar.

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THE SEVENTEENTH

THIS is Patrick's month, and it will not do to neglect the good Saint, for a gentleman he was, as we are often told, so, in his honor, fishing deep into the Pedlar's Pack, we find a few little "trawneens" of stories, small, slimsy things—a word here, a jest there, which might serve to off-set, or lighten as it were the various contents of the heavier packages.

"We have heard much of the wrongs of Ireland," the miseries of Ireland, the crimes of Ireland," writes James Anthony Froude, "but every cloud has its sunny side"—and especially every Irish cloud. Who can mingle fun with flattery as well as the Irish peasant? An aged lady getting into a cab in Dublin said to the jarvey, "Help me in, my good man, for I am very old." "Begor, ma'am," said he, "no matter

what age you are, you don't look it." Two young ladies stopped to talk to an old man working in a potato field. Said one to him, "Mick, which of us would you take to be the elder?" "Ah, thin, ache of ye looks younger than the other," said the wily old gallant.

A pat answer to be given by a native of the Emerald Isle is only in the eternal fitness of things. A servant girl came to look for a place. "How long were you with Mrs. ——?" asked the lady. "Shure, ma'am, three weeks." "And why did you leave?" "I couldn't get along wid th' misthress; she was ould and cranky." "But I may be old and cranky, too," said the lady. "Cranky ye may be, ma'am," answered Bridget, "for faces is sometimes decaving; but ould, niver!" Biddy got the place.

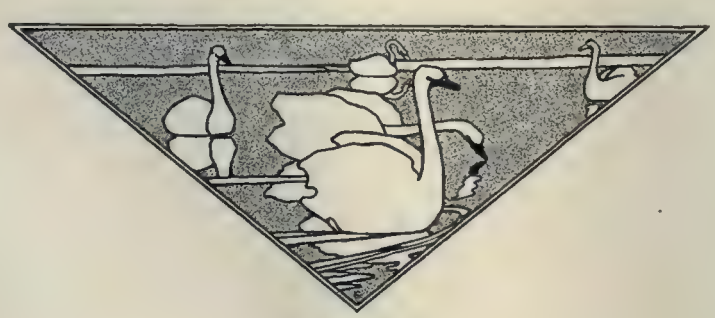
An Irish servant, having carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, waited about a considerable time for the customary fee, but not finding it forthcoming, he said, "If me masther should say, 'Pat, what did the gentleman give you?' what would your honor have me tell him?"

"Old White," one time house-steward of the Mansion House, Dublin, was a well-known character. He had a hot temper and a sarcastic tongue—a very Irish combination—and the Lord Mayor himself often felt the sting of both. White was once guilty of some neglect of duty, and was summoned before his master, who said, "White, I have borne with you in many things, but this complaint goes beyond my power of endurance. I've just heard it from two members of the Corporation." "Faith," retorted White, "if I believed all that twinty town councillors an' aldhermin say about you, it's little I'd think you were fit to wear the gould chain of the Lord Mayor of Dublin."

Lord Carlisle used to tell a story of his experience one time in Galway—my native place, by the way—when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The waiter who was appointed to attend to the wants of the Viceroy was very anxious to please. He passed remarks on every dish which he handed to his Lordship. "Pays, your Excellency," said he, handing him a dish of that excellent vegetable, "an' if I was you, the divil a wan iv thim I'd ate, for they're as hard as bullets." A lawyer, playing cards with some of his friends in the same hotel, dropped a pound note under the table, and discovering his loss as he was going to bed, returned to the room at once. The waiter met him with "Did you lose annything, sur?" "Yes, a pound note," answered the lawyer. "Here it is; I found it, an' begor, 'tis lucky for you that none of the gintlemen did."

Well, here's to her "annyway!" Old Ireland. Wherever they may be, her children passionately adore her. An Irish exile was at dinner in Paris. Someone proposed a toast of "The land we live in." "Aye, with all my soul," cried the Irishman, raising his glass. "Here's to poor old Ireland."

Ladies, the Pedlar's Pack is empty.



Robson Black, the well-known Toronto dramatic critic, is in charge of this department in which appears the latest gossip about plays and players, criticisms of plays now on the Canadian stage, and announcement of things theatrical that will fall to Canada's share. The department will be illustrated by the latest photographs of well-known player folk.

GOING UP

IT SEEMED a shame to spread that "highest-flyer" yarn about Robert C[illegible]eet, who, after [illegible]riting the best [illegible]eller of the season, entitled "The Aviator," had retired to the town of Lenox, Mass., for one of those "well-earned-rests". But you could safely wager that when playwright James Montgomery transferred his novelist to a sleepy little hamlet, there was some dark conspiracy accumulating under his thinking cap. It appears that Robert's best-seller owed its popularity to a description of a thrilling flight through space in an aeroplane, over which fiction the world of sensation-mongers had gone stark mad. One day Street's best chum, a waggish youth, by name Hopkinson Brown, starts a rumor perambulating in Lenox that the flight described in the book was actually accomplished by the author himself, and that of all dare-devils and death-defying-demons that fellow Street was the most devilish and demoniacal. Brown's tale is coupled with a caution that the author's *modesty* is no less remarkable than his recklessness. Quickly the intelligence spreads, until Street finds himself the object of inquisitive eyes and so many curious attentions that his life in the place becomes impossible. Fellow guests at the hotel ply him with admiring questions, only to be answered that he knows nothing of aviation, never was an aviator, never pretended to be. This reticence is of course ascribed to the hero's modesty as mentioned by Brown. Just at the moment when he thinks he has repelled his besiegers and gets a moment's peace, along comes Monsieur Gaillard, a genuine French aviator, bringing with him two aeroplanes. The townspeople and hotel guests seizing upon the opportunity for excitement plan an aerial race between the gentleman of the best-seller and the Frenchman. Someone, just to start things going, hires a local character, Sam Robinson, as the "mechanician" for Street's machine. Sam weighs exactly three hundred and fifty pounds, while Robert balances at about one-sixty with daily shrinkages due to horrible premonitions. Bravely but ineffectually the author protests against the clamor for the race.

"I am done with racing forever," he tells them. But they will not be put off with modest withdrawals; Street must meet his rival and uphold the honor of America. In his desperate moments, upon the eve of the contest, his sweetheart urges him to "lick the Frenchman".

"I weel-l-l!" declaims Robert, as only determined stage lovers can "weel".

The scene changes to an open field near the inn. Street is seen seated in an aeroplane. The crowd with a mighty cheer urges him to "beat his own record," and with great sinking of heart he assures them he already has (for the simple reason that he never before even *sat* in a flying machine).

No, Mr. Street doesn't soar through the Massachussetts air-lanes or take even a short whirl up to the second balcony. Neither does Gaillard. The race is called off and the hoax explained. What matter, anyway? Street wins his girl. And if the Man in any show gets *that* far, folks take it for granted they have seen a "drama" and go home with a chloroformed purse.

A WORD REGARDING "CHANTECLER"

LIKE very many coming events in the theatrical world, the novelty of the idea coupled with an aggressive press-campaign spread the name through every corner of the continent. While Paris for a time lionized Rostand and his unique dramatic child, and American milliners, card manufacturers and soda-fountain clerks helped things along by Chantecler inventions, I must humbly predict that the production in which Maude Adams has just been presented in New York will swallow a mint of money with meagre hope of reimbursement. It may reach Canada after a while, but I question the possibility of a "run."

The four acts relate the trials of the barn-yard monarch, Chantecler (the rooster), who gets it into his conceited head that unless he crows each morn the sun will not rise. Many conspirators in his domestic realm try without avail to break through his presumption, but their protests perish like arrows on armor-plate. In the midst of these petty quarrels the hen-pheasant leads him away and convinces him beyond a doubt that, crowing or no crowing, the majestic sun will rise each day. Chantecler takes the lesson stoically, and returning to his kingdom a chastened and humbler fellow, he resolves henceforth to sing each morn to wake the sleepers who do not know the sun has risen.

But Miss Adams as Chantecler—I cannot do better than quote the lines of W. J. Lampton upon seeing our "Babbie" in a dress of feathers and spurs:

O Maude !
You, you of all, the gentlest,
Most sensitive, refined,
The pink of sweet perfections
In body, soul and mind;
You, you the very essence
Of every dainty thought
And action, out of woman
Most delicately wrought !
O Maude !
Superlatively feminine,
What demon of the drama
Possessed you that you should
Attempt to be a Rooster—
A Rooster, Maude, a ROOSTER ! ! !
And think that you'd make good !

GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD

THE mania for lionizing burglars, highwaymen and porch-climbers is miserably neurasthenic from any point of view. "Raffles," for instance, was a common arrestable crook who in real life would have had his taffy-locks clipped in St. Vincent de Paul or Sing-Sing. But, being Kyrle Bellew (pronounced Curl Bell-you, if you please, not Curly Ballo or Karl Below), he was hugged to the heart of half a continent. Now comes another: "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," by George M. Cohan and George Randolph Chester, both good workmen in their way, with far more credit to George the Second than George the First.

J. Rufus Wallingford was of that medium viciousness that can smug itself into honest people's confidence by a suit of Broadway tweeds and a face massage. He arrived one day in Battleburg, a rural community, in company with Blackie Daw, his brother-in-bunco, and forthwith began to hypnotize the folks into buying stock in a "sun-engine" company, which was to revolutionize the question of power. As a "feeler" they formed another company, presumably for the manufacture of a covered carpet-tack, a form of fastener that would match the design of the floor covering. As a third manipulation a new trolley line was trumped

MABEL TALIAPERRO
A young and successful star, whose reputation first bloomed in "*Polly of the Circus*"

up, the schemers getting an option on a disused right-of-way.

Down flew the little god of Love one day to thwart these amusing designs of dishonesty. Wallingford finds himself falling in love with Fanny Jasper, a pretty little stenographer working at Battleburg, while Blackie turns his eyes fondly towards another unsophisticated child of the meadow. Admitting their burning inclinations one to the other, the "conviction" (or George Cohan's substitute for such) comes that flim-flamming and home-planning cannot legitimately travel the same road. Of the two prizes they choose the most human and inevitable. Now comes the sequel—and it is not so humorous as to be ethically inoffensive. The knavery of Wallingford turns into a good fat profit. Of course the sun engine could never be expected to work, but not so with these covered carpet tacks which by an unaccountable 'fluke' of public demand, resolve into a potential gold mine. To brighten the rainbow, a railway company, fearing competition in the projected trolley line, buys up the right-of-way from the promoters at a fabulous sum. Rendered rich by this reversal of fortune, they assume the bonds of matrimony; and so concludes this sometimes laughable but forever innocuous preachment.

KATHLEEN PARLOW

A brilliant young Canadian violinist who, hardly as yet out of her 'teens, has succeeded in charming both Continental and Canadian audiences

GETTING A POLISH

SOMEWHERE in every comedy or farce running in New York at present is an unprogrammed actor, to wit: William Dollar, or more familiarly Dollar Bill. It seems that when an author makes his hero lose a million or his heroine wallow suddenly in golden guineas, he is certain of having a double-barreled theme, guaranteed to split a hickory skull at two hundred feet. Your Tired Business-Man may know or care nothing for the transmigration of souls, but he does know the price of liver-and-bacon. And when a Price is humanized, stuffed with clockwork, and made the task-master of men and women like ourselves, its capacity for laughter or lamentation is truly phenomenal. Which brings us rather abstractly to "Getting a Polish," written by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, the two gentlemen who described the best Americans as self-confident boors in their plays, "The Man From Home," and "Foreign Exchange" a short time ago.

The curtain is going up!

Here we see the beautiful backyard of Mrs. Jim's boarding house in Yellow Dog, Montana. In this place through many jolly but monotonous years, Mrs. Jim (May Irwin) has kept the prune kettle stirred and the boarders' sox in a state of repair. Her chum on the place is John Blake, one of the large crop of "rough diamonds" that Tarkington and George Cohan assure us are grown only under the Stars and Stripes. It develops that Blake and Mrs. Jim have been working a gold claim between them with but little success. One day the mine gushes forth a ton or two of nuggets—after the fashion of stage mines—and in the elation incident to her new-found wealth, the boarding housekeeper starts for Europe to break down the gates of Society and enjoy the crown of glory. With her go Blake and her two charges, Georgiana and Henry—another pair of spotless Uncle Sammers. In Paris, Mrs. Jim is made the prey of innumer-

able society parasites, who "mark" her as about the most desirable and nutritious thing that ever landed at Calais. She listens to the proposal of one Clinton Van Stuyk, a heavy man, also a New York broker, residing in Paris for the benefit of a dislocated purse, and foolishly consents to become his wife. This angers poor old Blake who, for diplomatic purposes, suddenly pretends a deep devotion to Georgiana. But the latter is engaged to a young American named Kent. One can easily understand therefore how the tangle occurs. Mrs. Jim arranges for a brilliant society function one evening—the sort of spread that old Blake would describe as "a knockout". But the lines of French aristocracy in their resentment of a bold and silly impertinence from this Yellow Dog person, close in tightly against her. Nobody turns up at the expensive reception, the wholesale ostracism bringing home to Mrs. Jim a realization of her folly. In the following scene with Blake, their mutual affection is for the first time and for all time pledged—and a sadder but wiser pair go back to Yellow Dog.

I gather, apart from the moments of amusement, that Booth Tarkington has a score to settle with Europe. Whether he is campaigning for the American immigration department or "getting even" for some bill of extras in the Carlsbad or Biarritz hostelries, I have been unable to learn. He most certainly is not in the service of The Drama.

A CANADIAN VIOLINIST

DID you ever hear of the old violin-maker—of Cremona, maybe, or some other craggy bit of Apennine cliff—who went out into the Italian woodlands where the great-leaved chestnuts and shaggy pines clung to the mountain-spurs, and chose his

ALLA NAZIMOVA
A Russian actress of singular grace and beauty, who by her Ibsen characterizations has established a large and select following both in Canada and the United States

violin-wood, masterwise, from the north side of trees ?

True ? Maybe; and maybe, like many another lovely legend, only a fancy of some dreamer's brain. But whether Guarnerius chose his material from the north or the south side of the trunk when he made Kathleen Parlow's fiddle, some centuries since, he could not have fashioned it for a better destiny than to sing under her fingers. Gifted with music—filled with music from her topmost strand of flying hair to the ends of her bow-arm's sensitive fingers, this young Canadian violinist has taken musical Canada by storm.

Born at Calgary, educated abroad, she has in her few short years played before Queen Alexandra at Buckingham Palace, studied in St. Petersburg with Leopold Auer, and won audiences through all the music-steeped and keenly critical cities of the Continent. This season, after a successful tour abroad. she has returned to the land of her birth, and her musical insight, brilliant technique and imaginative power have gained her a hearty welcome wherever she has played.

The picture of her slim girlish figure at Winnipeg the other night, her violin cuddled under her chin, and her music crying out across the sea of listeners, was one to be remembered long. Guarnerius would have been proud of his handiwork could he have risen from his narrow bed and heard the passionate notes of his violin blending with the singing tone of her favorite Canadian piano on the Winnipeg concert stage. And, listening, one could well believe that beyond the instruments one could faintly catch another music —the music of the patient, steadfast trees on the wind-beaten mountain side, learning through centuries of rack and storm to be violins.

THE CUB

I CAN call to mind only two vaudeville libels on the newspaper man. Both are recent. The black-face comedian coming before the footlights glanced shyly at the tin-woodman and exploded this:

"Wh-wh-what is de difference between a newspaper man and a journalist?"

"Why, how could I know what the difference is between a newspaper man and a journalist?"

"Wel-l-l," drawled the black-face, "a journalist wears a high hat and no sox, and borrows money from—de newspaper man."

That brings us to the third libel on the fraternity, entitled "The Cub," a piece of palatable impertinence, the sort of exposition on newspaper ethics that begins and ends with the emphasis on 'cheek'. This must, however, be construed by the reader as the mildest of criticisms, for if the cub reporter who is the play's hero were not of the don't-care-a-hoot class, nobody would have suffered him beyond the first act.

Now to get down to business. The Whites and the Renlaws, two proud families of the Kentucky hill region, were at war over a sow worth less than a dollar-and-a-half. For twenty years this foolish feud has been in existence, accumulating bitterness and vengeful hate which at times registered its fury by a death or two.

This looks like the first chapter of "Ned, the Outlaw," I admit, but in the fabric of the play forms only its historical background, and is described in dialogue rather than simulated in action.

With a desire to investigate the trouble, the Louisville Courier-Journal sends into the troublesome district a cub reporter, Steve Oldham, whose innocence of the danger incurred is his most outstanding qualification. Steve arrives in Whitesburg at the moment that a grand jury, convened on behalf of the Whites, condemns several Renlows to death. Steve, as a member of the community, is forced to take sides, and with neck-saving sagacity chooses the camp of the Whites. As luck, or the playwright, would have it, there steps into the story a pretty young school-teacher, one of the Renlows, and after the manner of cub reporters, Steve falls in love. In such a dilemma, a certain Mister White selects an uncouth maudlin-pated daughter of his sheriff to yoke the newcomer from Louisville for the remainder of his days. That is the gate where the fun comes in. One

evening, at a truce dance, both factions meet at the schoolhouse. The Whites have discovered that the reporter has betrayed them, and in their sanctified, gentle way, threaten to put him to death. But Steve, with that instinct for safety that makes the interviewer fetch his hickory umbrella into the irate politician's parlor,—he packs up his other collar, and scoots for the Renlows. Same luck again. Suspicious of his double play, the Renlows decide that Mr. Oldham is far better writing up the immigration office in Hades, and plan to hasten his change of residence. But with the crafty instinct of all stage reporters, our Cub sneaks out of the difficulty as innocently as he tumbled in, marries the pretty schoolteacher, and with magical zeal and overpowering persuasiveness, which only a play-wright could furnish a man in such a raw emergency, he convinces the feudists of their folly in spilling blood and wasting energy over a dollar-fifty pig. And just at the moment of victory, along comes a notice of dismissal from his paper because his stories of the feud were mostly faked. Steve doesn't care. He has his girl, and anyway as he says: "I'm an optimist. If I fell from the top of a sixteen story building, I'd be likely when I reached the fourth floor to say: 'Well, I'm all right so far'."

DOROTHY DONNELLY
By her daringly accurate and finished depiction of the title part in *Madame X*. she has linked her name securely to Fame

ODDITIES OF THE GREAT

NAPOLEON never went on a lecture tour.

Julius Caesar did not keep a chauffeur.

Alexander the Great never sat for a photograph in his life.

George the Third was never known to eat grape fruit.

Shakespeare would not use a safety razor.

Goethe would not have a telephone in the house.

Cervantes would not ride on a railway train, preferring to travel by coach.

Christopher Columbus did not take a daily newspaper.

And Adam had a simply unconquerable aversion to having his house photographed by the travelling picture man.

WHICH?

Wanted at once: Salesmen in trunks. Apply fourth floor, Blank & Co.

Should one wear track clothes, or be delivered by the expressman?

A MEAT APPETITE

"WHAT are you looking for?" we ask of the small boy who is eagerly scanning the trees and sky.

"I'm watchin' for the first robin," he explains.

"Ah! And will you receive a reward if you are the first to discover the primary harbinger of spring—the feathered songster whose blithe roundelay sounds to us a message of cheer and—"

"Naw!" he interrupts. "Pa said for me to watch for it an' plug it with my sling-shot, an' then we'd have robin pie for dinner."

WELL—DO THEY?

I wonder if Pineapples get their name because they Pine,
Is the Monkey-wrench a cousin to the Ape?
I wonder if the Judges always think their business Fine?
Can a Horseradish Travel on its Shape?

I wonder if Claw Hammers have Nails upon their Claws,
Will the Missis—ippi never, never wed?
I wonder where it is that the luscious Paw-Paws Pause,
Did you ever see a Bed Spring out of Bed?

AT BRIDGE

"I saw a dreadfully good joke the other day," says the lady who is beginning to deal. "It was about a little girl who was asked what her mamma looked like, and replied that she never saw her mamma, because she was a suffragette."

After the laughter had subsided, the lady next to the dealer said:

"Well, I think a woman's place is at home, and not running around mixing with politics."

The bridge club had an unusually long session that afternoon but the prizes were magnificent.